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FEBRUARY 7, 1959

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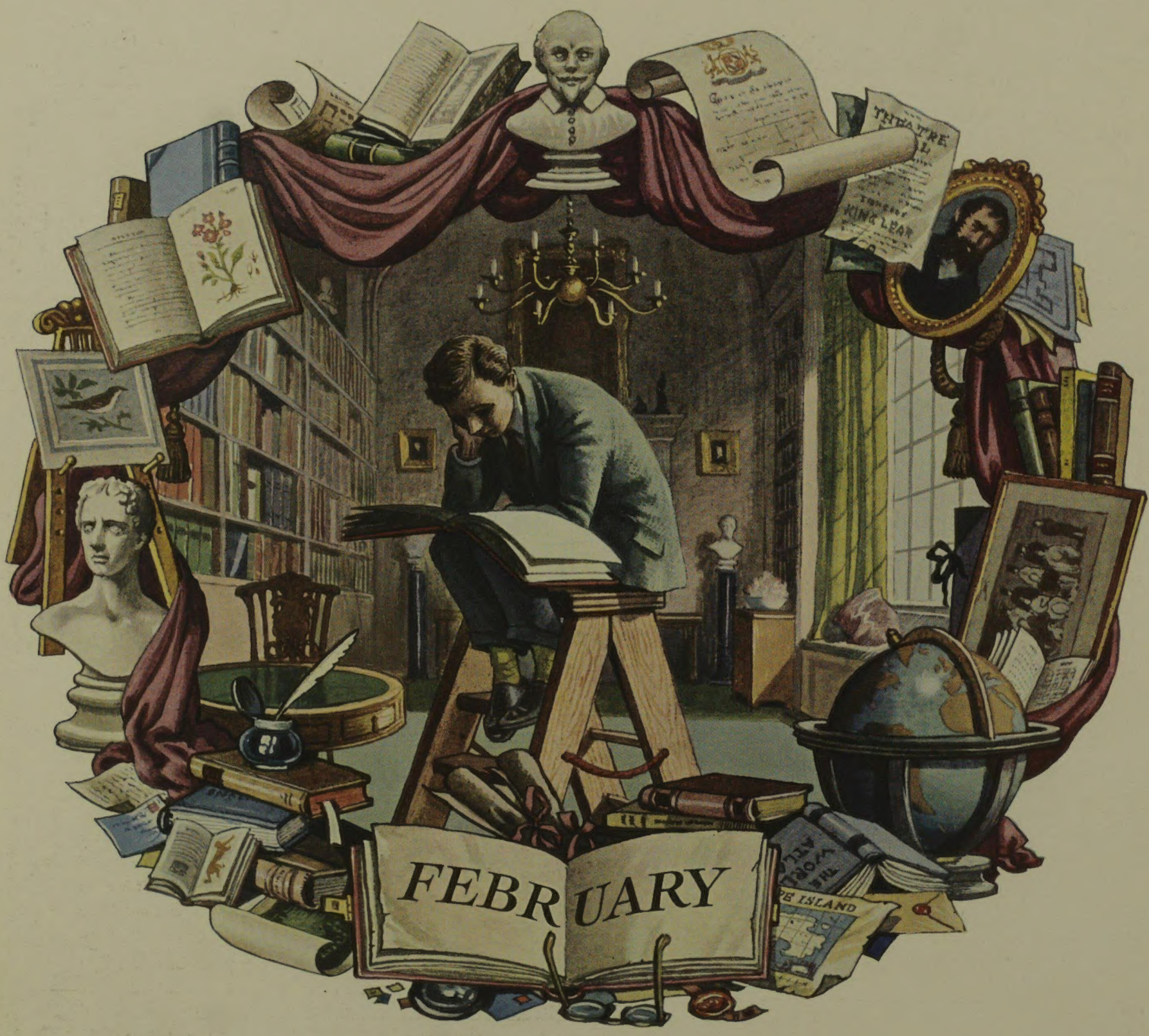
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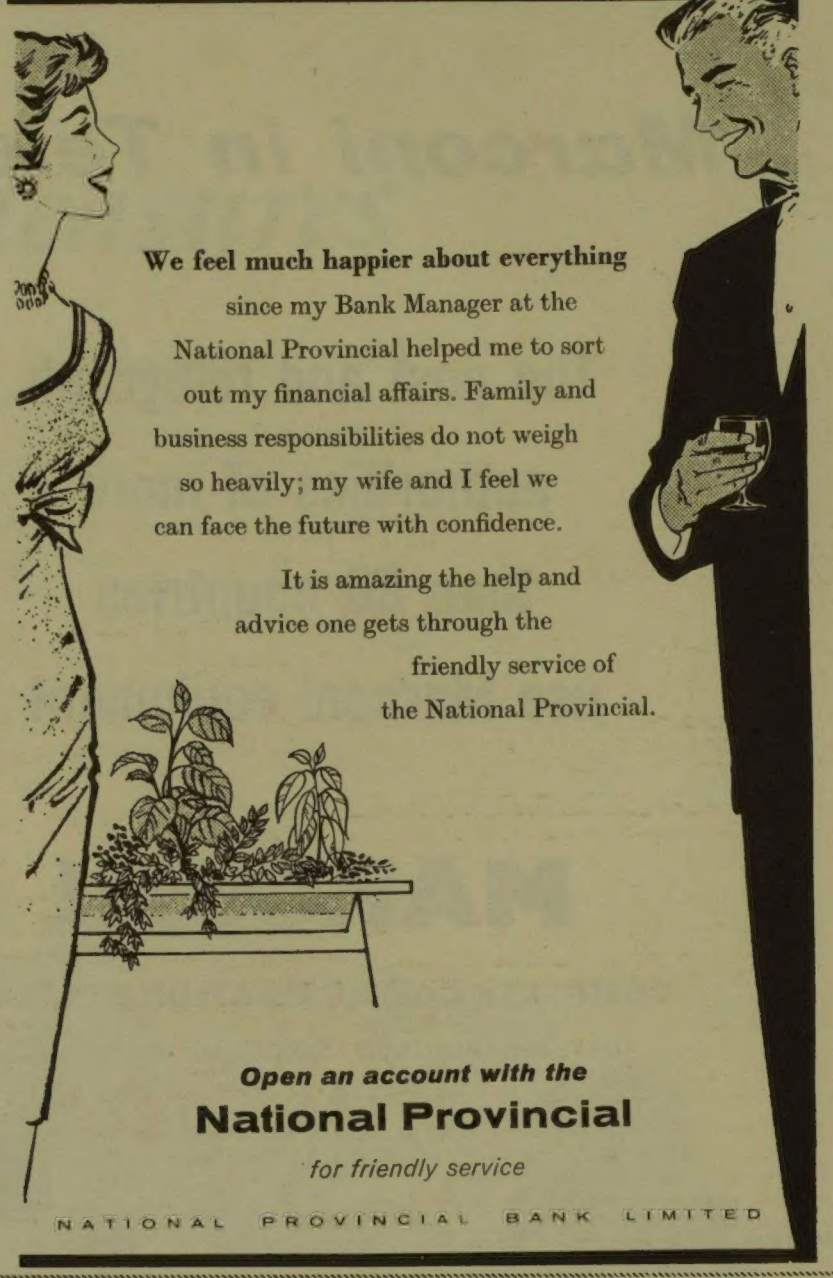


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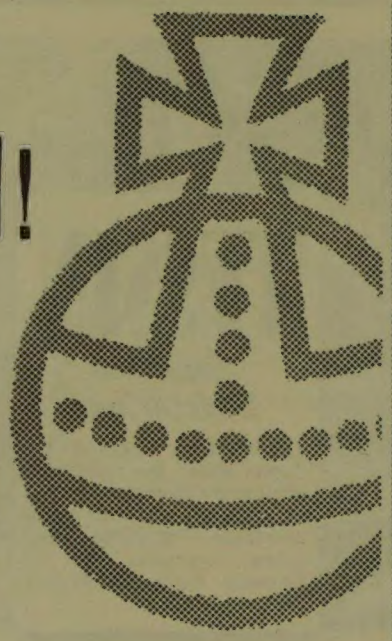
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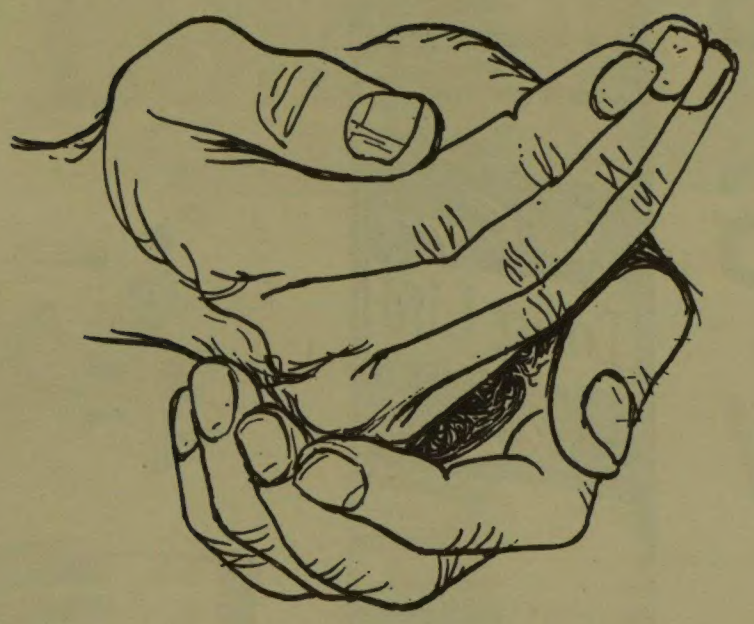
For 12 consecutive weeks, *beginning with the issue of February* 21, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will include an article contributed by *Dr. R. A. Lyttleton*, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and illustrated with a page of drawings by our special artist *G. H. Davis*, under the general heading of " The Universe at the Beginning of the Space Age." The subjects to be covered during the twelve weeks, *beginning February* 21, are listed below:

1. The Earth
2. Terrestrial Meteorite Craters
3. The Planets
4. Mars
5. The origin of the Solar System
6. Comets
7. The origin of Comets
8. The Sun
9. Our Galaxy
10. The Stars
11. The Universe of Galaxies
12. The expanding Universe.



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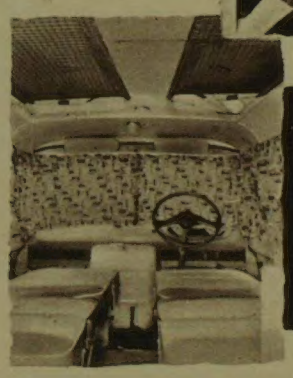
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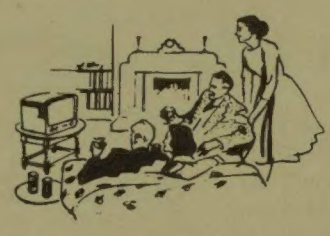
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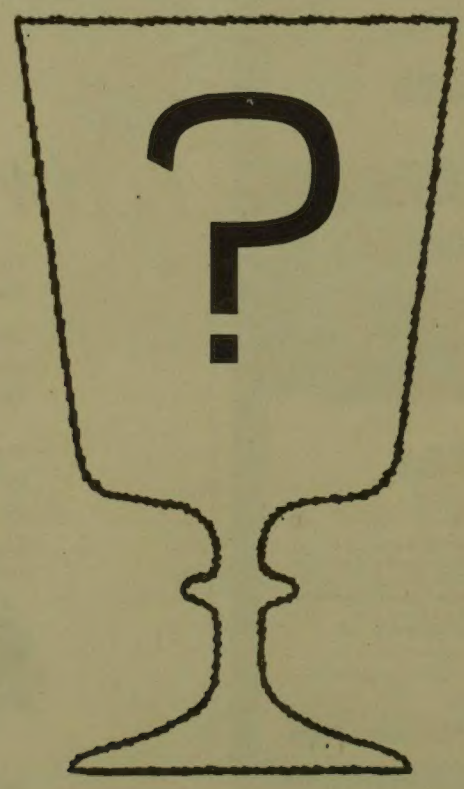












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BREWERS OF BRITAIN'S BEST

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1959.



THE ILL-FATED *HANS HEDTOFT*, LEAVING COPENHAGEN ON HER FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE ON JANUARY 7.

On January 30, the Danish motor vessel *Hans Hedtoft*, the 2875-ton flagship of the Greenland Administration, radioed for immediate help after striking an iceberg about thirty miles south-east of the southernmost tip of Greenland. She was bound for Copenhagen, on the return trip of her maiden voyage, and had aboard fifty-five passengers, and thirty-nine crew commanded by Captain P. L. Rasmussen. Before the call for help, the Captain had signalled that conditions were dangerous, and that he was among a group of icebergs when a gale struck the ship. Following the disaster an intensive search of the area—made difficult by winds of gale force and high waves—was carried out. The *Hans Hedtoft* was equipped with modern lifeboats, but by February 1 no survivors had been found. The search was continued the following day, but without success. The loss of the *Hans Hedtoft* recalled the *Titanic* disaster of 1912 off Newfoundland, when 1500 lives were lost after the ship struck an iceberg on her maiden voyage.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE reads such strange things in the newspapers nowadays that one often finds oneself wondering if they can be true. And it may be that there is no substance at all in statements that have recently been appearing in the Press that the upper walls and ceilings of hospital wards cannot be regularly washed because of an agreement between the Public Health Authorities and one or other of the Trades Unions or their branches. For according to this agreement, it is alleged, no one but skilled painters—and presumably members of the Union—must mount ladders to wash higher than the unaided reach of the human arm, and if the Hospital Authorities, because of the wages insisted upon by such skilled painters and their union, cannot afford to have the upper walls and ceilings of their wards washed regularly by privileged operatives—and for obvious economic reasons they cannot—the upper walls and ceilings must remain unwashed. And that means, unless all that one has been taught of the laws of hygiene is so much nonsense, that microbes will be harboured and will subsequently attack patients who, by reason of their helpless condition, may prove unable, as healthy persons might, to shake off the microbe invasion and may, in consequence, die. If this were to happen, it would seem to follow that in such a case the Hospital Authorities and the officials of any Union party to such an alleged agreement would, as a result of that unfortunate agreement, be morally, if not legally, responsible for the death of anyone dying as a result of the application of this unhygienic and, to a mere layman not a party to it, seemingly indefensible principle. Indeed, if such an agreement exists, it might well follow that a member or official of the Union might unconsciously condemn his own wife or child or even himself to death through insisting on this privilege for the members of his craft. It is this that makes me wonder whether the facts set out in the letters on the subject that have appeared in *The Times* can be true, for it is hard to believe that responsible Trades Union leaders, who are humane and public-spirited men, still less that important persons charged with the administration of our National Health Services could ever have been party to such an agreement. For, if true, it suggests a lack of imagination in them or, alternatively, a callousness that one would have thought to be impossible in our humane and enlightened mid-twentieth-century Britain. I am, therefore, watching the correspondence columns of *The Times* for a reply on behalf of the Hospital Authorities and the Union denying the facts charged against them.

In a carefully guarded case in the precincts of University College, London, there sits, in accordance with the terms of his will, the upright and mummified figure of the College's chief founder, Jeremy Bentham. Still clad in the garb of an early nineteenth-century Londoner, the great rationalist looks sternly out at a world which he sought, it would seem in vain, to render rationalist. The governing principle on which he based his reforming and philanthropic endeavours was "the greatest good of the greatest number." The target of this principle—the enemy to be overcome—has always been the privilege of minorities. In Bentham's day the principal repository of that privilege was the hereditary aristocracy. Largely as a result of his lifelong attack on it and on the anti-social absurdities to which it gave rise, the century that followed his death in this country saw the subordination of aristocratic privilege in all its forms to the control and interests of the majority. When the Fairy Queen in "Iolanthe" sent Strephon into Parliament, to the horror of the assembled chorus of Peers, it was to "run amuck of all abuses" and to throw everything, even the House of Lords itself, open to competitive examination. What is wanted to-day is a new Jeremy Bentham and a new W. S. Gilbert to show up the absurdities, obscurantism and tyranny of the new minority privileges which, unperceived, have grown up, in the ruins of the old, out of the imperfections and irrationalities of human nature. For it would be of little avail to prevent, say, country landlords from using their privileged ownership of land to set mantraps that can maim and kill men in order to protect their pheasants and partridges if, for instance, licensed and protected house-painters were allowed, by virtue of the privileged status won for them by their Union, to preserve colonies of death-dealing microbes on the walls and ceilings of public hospitals in order to enhance their particular wages and collective bargaining power. If this were to happen, it would be a case of the Tolpuddle Martyrs in reverse. And by and large it is the privileged brethren of the great protective preserves of organised labour—and not their counterparts of the great capitalist combines—not the members of the hereditary House of Lords, who tend to-day to demand and maintain exclusive rights that offend against Bentham's principle of "the greatest good of the greatest number."

Loudly let the trumpet bray,
Tan-tan-ta-ra, tan-tan-ta-ra!
Loudly bang the sounding brasses
Tzing,
As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes.

Bow, bow, ye lower middle classes,
Bow, bow, ye tradesmen and ye masses . . .
We are "peers" of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation . . .

New presbyter, in other words, is but old priest, writ large. Remembering the monstrous hardships and injustices that building operatives, like other humble craftsmen and labourers, had to suffer in the bad old days of untrammelled aristocratic, and, later, capitalist, privilege, it is right that their status and just rewards should be protected to-day by powerful organisations representing and defending their collective needs and rights. Yet it would be quite another thing if, through the strength and bargaining power of such mighty organisations, they were able to hold the public and the interests of the majority up to ransom to enhance their monopolistic rewards and benefits. To loose the seeds of death and disease in the wards of hospitals to protect the employment of a minority would be just as publicly harmful and morally heinous as to send climbing boys up chimneys or to harness little North Country girls to coal-trucks. And if, as Lord Shaftesbury once remarked of the economist's argument that the whole economic system of the country would collapse if such consequential abuses against the public good were not allowed, no system could be worth preserving if it depended on inhumanity and on argument so palpably absurd. Common sense and humanity are the answer to all sectional special pleading.

"When I commenced my training as a nurse in 1936," one correspondent to *The Times* has written of what she describes as "the appalling condition of walls in hospitals,"

it was the practice for nurses to wash the whole of the walls and ceilings of their wards regularly. Now as a member of a hospital management committee it amazes me to see the state of the walls often washed only half-way up—apparently since the agreement with the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives forbids others than skilled painters getting on ladders to wash higher. I disagree with the statement that washing walls is a skilled job. Any housewife will tell you that a painted wall washed regularly with hot water and a leather remains in good condition for years. . . .*

There may be an answer to this—and it ought to be given, and quickly, by those responsible for the condition of our hospitals as well as by the Union that demands such an alleged and monopolistic restriction.

Since I sent the above to press, a letter has appeared in *The Times* from the General Secretary of the National Federation of Building Trades Operatives denying that his Union is party to such an agreement. I am delighted to know that this is so and to apologise for having cast any doubts as to this particular Union's integrity in a matter that goes to the very root of our so-called humanity and Welfare State.



NOW SAFEGUARDED IN PERPETUITY: THE CHALICE WELL, GLASTONBURY, TRADITIONALLY THE SITE OF THE EARLIEST BAPTISMS IN BRITAIN.

Major W. Tudor Pole and a group of friends have come into possession of the famous Chalice Well and Spring at Glastonbury, together with the gardens and orchards that surround it; and a Trust has been formed to safeguard the well in perpetuity in order that it may be available to pilgrims from all over the world who wish to visit the cradle of English Christianity. The pool, where traditionally the first baptisms in this country were performed in A.D. 38, is all that remains of a bath house which was used by patients who came in great numbers to drink and bathe in the chalybeate waters rising from the lower slopes of Chalice Hill and Michael Tor. The name, Chalice Well, derives from the legend that Joseph of Arimathea settled in Glastonbury, bringing with him the Cup of the Last Supper. (*Photograph by Walter Scott, Bradford.*)

* *The Times*, January 28, 1959.

PARAFFIN STOVES AT MURRAYFIELD; AND OTHER ITEMS OF HOME NEWS.



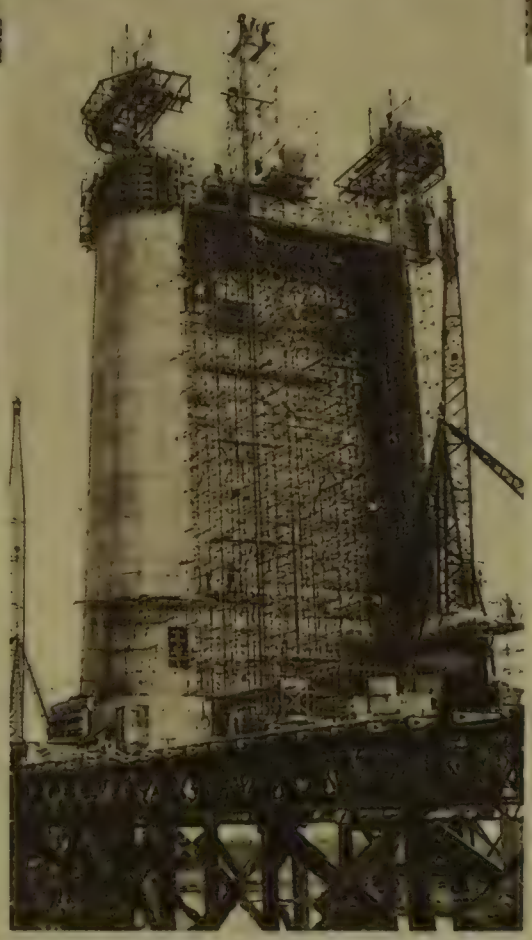
"OPERATION ANTI-FREEZE" AT THE MURRAYFIELD R.U. FOOTBALL GROUND, EDINBURGH, WHERE LARGE MARQUEES AND PARAFFIN HEATERS WERE USED TO THAW OUT 6 INS. OF FROST AND SO MAKE THE GROUND PLAYABLE FOR THE SCOTLAND WALES MATCH ON FEBRUARY 7.



INSIDE THE MARQUEE AT MURRAYFIELD. AFTER THE STOVES THAWED THE GROUND, THE PLAN WAS TO PUT DOWN THICK STRAW, MOVE THE MARQUEE AND THE HEATERS AND THAW OUT A FRESH AREA OF THE FIELD. THE HEATERS ARE OF A TYPE USED BY BUILDERS.



WHERE THE MILK SPLASHES STILL TESTIFY TO THE MANAGER'S BRAVE RESISTANCE: A WHETSTONE BRANCH OF THE N.P. BANK.
An intending robber at this small branch bank was taken by surprise when the manager, Mr. H. Taylor, entered carrying a bottle of milk. Mr. Taylor broke the bottle of milk over the bandit's head, the latter clubbed the manager with a revolver and made his escape, covered with milk and blood.



ONE OF THE LIFTING TOWERS OF THE NEW ISLE OF SHEPPEY BRIDGE, SEEN IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.
This new bridge, spanning the Swale at Kingsferry, replaces the old toll bridge. It will be the largest lifting span bridge to be built in England for some 25 years and the estimated cost is £1,163,386. It should be completed by the end of the year.



NEAR COMPLETION IN READINESS FOR ITS OPENING ON FEBRUARY 4: THE WEST END'S FIRST NEW CINEMA FOR TWENTY YEARS.
The new Columbia Cinema, situated at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Frith Street, at the foot of this tall new office building, seats 750 and it was due to open on February 4 with "Gigi." It is being fitted with the most modern projection equipment. The architects are Sir John Burnet, Tait and Partners.



ONCE THE CABINS OF THE FLYING-BOATS *CITY OF LIVERPOOL* AND *SOLWAY*, LATER PLANNED AS HOUSEBOATS—NOW PLAYGROUNDS.
These two flying-boat fuselages were originally bought from the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation for conversion into Thames houseboats and were joined, catamaran-wise, with bars for towing to the Thames from Dorset. A recent gale, however, blew them on to the beach, driving the bars into the hulls.



THE REAR VIEW OF THE TWO FLYING-BOAT FUSELAGES, NOW SEEMINGLY DERELICT ON THE BEACH AT HAMWORTHY, IN DORSET.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN INDIA: AT DELHI, JAIPUR AND CHANDIGARH.



AT JAIPUR ON JANUARY 23 : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT THE MAHARAJA'S JEWELS, WITH (LEFT) THE MAHARAJA AND MAHARANI OF JAIPUR.



BEFORE THE REPUBLIC DAY PARADE ON JANUARY 26 : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. NEHRU DRIVING PAST THE NEW DELHI CROWDS ON THE PARADE ROUTE.

AFTER the warm welcome which he received at Delhi on his arrival there on January 21 (briefly reported in our last issue), the Duke of Edinburgh embarked on a crowded programme of visits and by the constant use of aircraft covered a considerable number of widely separated places. His first flight (in a *Heron* aircraft) was to Jaipur on January 23, where he was entertained by the Maharaja and paid visits to Agra, where he saw the Taj Mahal, and Fatehpur Sikri and returned to Delhi on January 24. In the afternoon he watched a game of polo and attended a dinner given by the President for the heads of delegations to the Indian Science Congress. On January 25 he was in the Punjab, where he saw the magnificent new capital, Chandigarh, and also visited the site of the Bhakra Dam, before flying back to Delhi for dinner with Mr. Nehru. On Jan. 28 the Duke of Edinburgh left Delhi by Comet IV for Ahmedabad (where he inaugurated a textile research association conference) and Bombay, where he was garlanded, on arrival, by the Communist mayor. This was the beginning of a four-day visit.



LOOKING THROUGH AN OPTICAL INSTRUMENT : PRINCE PHILIP, DURING HIS VISIT TO THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY IN NEW DELHI ON JANUARY 27.



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TAKING TEA WITH (LEFT) MR. NEHRU AND PRESIDENT PRASAD.



AT CHANDIGARH, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE PUNJAB : PRINCE PHILIP EXAMINING A MODEL OF THE HIGH COURT. RIGHT, THE GOVERNOR OF PUNJAB.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN INDIA: IN THE HIMALAYAS; AT AGRA, AND DELHI.



IN A HIMALAYAN GORGE NORTH OF NANGAL: PRINCE PHILIP ON THE SITE OF THE BHAKRA DAM, WHICH IS NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS HIS OVERSHOES REMOVED AFTER VISITING ONE OF THE AGRA TOMBS. DURING HIS VISIT HE SAW THE TAJ MAHAL TWICE.



DURING THE VISIT—AT SHORT NOTICE—TO OLD DELHI ON JANUARY 27: THE MAYOR, MRS. ARUNA ASAF ALI, PRESENTING AN IVORY TABLE LAMP TO THE DUKE.



ABOUT FOUR MILES FROM DELHI: THE DUKE LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING AND TECHNOLOGY ON JANUARY 27.

January 26 was a full day for Prince Philip. The first half of the morning was spent watching the Republic Day Parade in New Delhi; and before this started, the Duke and Mr. Nehru drove up the ceremonial route in an open car through a huge assembly of people. After a reception at the British High Commissioner's residence, the Duke then attended the President's At Home in the beautiful Moghul gardens of the Rashtrapati Bhavan. On January 27 the citizens of Delhi wished to present an address of welcome to the Duke and an occasion for this was fitted into the schedule and the warmest of welcomes was given to him in a park in the centre of the old city. January 27 was also the occasion of the Duke's laying the foundation-stone of the new College of Engineering and Technology, to which the British Government and British industry have contributed about £500,000.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

CAIRO TO KARACHI.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

TWO events of the last week of January are closely connected. In Cairo President Nasser was interviewed on behalf of the B.B.C. for television and broadcasting. In Karachi there was a meeting of the Baghdad Pact. One might add to the combination some words spoken elsewhere. Mr. Khrushchev brought together President Nasser and General Kassem, the rulers of Egypt and Iraq, in the rôle of Arab patriots and foes of imperialism. In all three cases there appeared an element of caution, particularly as regards the controversies within the Arab world. Everyone was walking warily, though it by no means follows that all the speakers were pledging themselves in future to a policy of moderation.

President Nasser was composed and quiet in tone... Of course he made some debating points. He said, for instance, that an improvement of the relations between the West and Egypt could be brought about only by a cessation of efforts to set one Arab State against another. I do not watch television, but in the radio talk to which I listened he was not asked whether he really believed that this took place... Britain has probably made mistakes in dealings with the Arab peoples, but her efforts and her policy have been directed rather to assisting their union than to dividing them. He made no attack on the present régime in Iraq, however. It is possible that he is no more certain about how its policy will develop than the rest of us.

President Nasser, especially when speaking to his own people, has often indulged in the wilder flights of oratory, but it is also true to say that he has often said his say in a tone quieter than that in which the Press which he so thoroughly controls has commented on his words. This time it has been exceptionally violent and bitter, and the radio has spread abroad the more high-peppered passages in the newspapers. On the face of it, the Press would appear to be attempting to stir up a fresh revolution in Iraq, but then face value is never a sound criterion when applied to the Cairo Press. It is more probably Egypt's immediate aim to bring about a formal withdrawal from the Baghdad Pact on the part of Iraq. And one may add that President Nasser cannot conceivably desire to see Iraq become a Russian satellite.

As regards the Baghdad Pact, Baghdad itself has been demonstrating in favour of an immediate withdrawal from it. At a big meeting—which could not have been held without the special permission of the Government—this call was linked to a statement that the left wing in the country could always count on the support of Russia and China. Among those who appeared at the meeting were some people very close to General Kassem. Some of this agitation is shadow-boxing because, in point of fact, Iraq has ceased to be an active member of the Pact. At present she has no dealings with it and its headquarters have been moved temporarily to Ankara.

During the Karachi meeting there was virtually no reference to Iraq in any connection. The Council is unlikely to entertain any hope that General Kassem contemplates ending the *de facto* withdrawal of his Government from the Pact, yet it did not even bring up the question whether the present meaningless title should be changed. It remains for the time being the Baghdad Pact, though it cannot meet in Baghdad or be administered from that city and though the Government in office in Baghdad plays no part in it. If I remember aright, the Emperor Francis Joseph was entitled King of Jerusalem up to his death during the First World War. I doubt whether the Pact will retain its title as long. But the pretence is far from unfriendly. On the contrary, it is assumed to avoid embarrassment to General Kassem, who has his own troubles to face.

So, for that matter, has Iran. The Government of that country is very conscious of the fact that her partner Turkey is a member of N.A.T.O. and, on the other flank, her partner Pakistan is a member of S.E.A.T.O. Iran has only a jacket, and a rather thin one at that, in which to face wintry weather, whereas Turkey and Pakistan have topcoats, the former a relatively good one, the latter hardly a genuine "wind-cheater" but better than nothing. It has been suggested by all three Asian States that they should be joined by direct bilateral treaties to the United States. Up to the time of writing little progress seems to have been made with this project and the United States has certainly not rushed to accept the compliment, but there is no evidence of unfriendliness or acerbity. As I have said, it is Iran that is in a hurry.

Most, if not all, of the Arab States are bent upon maintaining a policy of "neutralism" and none more so than Egypt and Iraq. One gains the impression that President Nasser feels he may have moved his country rather too far into the Russian orbit and is anxious to make small and careful adjustments. He can measure in millimetres in mapping his course. It is a difficult business because he cannot avoid making some deviations from time to time, but we can scarcely doubt that he is clear in his own mind as to what it is. The primary aim is leadership—I have called it "domination" when he has been in his most aggressive mood—of the Arab world.

General Kassem's position is altogether different. To begin with, he is not by any means as experienced a politician as President Nasser. He has not had the years of preparation, which for Nasser began some time before he arrived at dictatorship, and he has been in office for a very short time. He stands at the head of a tougher and more resolute people than the Egyptians, and a people which has just emerged from a blood-stained revolution. A king and two prime ministers have been assassinated in the course of this State's brief career. Whereas, within broad limits, Nasser can do anything, Kassem is circumscribed in his policy and action. The aims of the left wing in Iraq differ widely from what his would appear to be. His position is unenviable.

So far, hardly a word of criticism from within the country has been reported. It is still the honeymoon period for the leader of the successful revolt and his people. Yet this state of affairs might alter in a flash, though it is not likely that this will happen in the near future. He is much wiser than the extremists in that he knows Western Europe and particularly this country to be the best, and to a large extent the only, market for the oil of Iraq. When he says that he wants to live on good terms with us it may be accepted that he is speaking the truth. But beyond that he says little. He understands the value of silence.

Of course almost all the Arab States feel bound to keep up the pretence that the only threat to their "neutralism" comes from colonialism. In this they are abetted by people in this country, including one of those who introduced President Nasser's opinions on the radio. Their more intelligent leaders, among whom both Nasser and Kassem must be numbered, are aware that this is not so. That is why the latter has been from the first cautious about relations with Russia and why the second is, as nearly all expert observers on the spot agree, revising his policy on the subject. The future of the Middle East is still highly uncertain and I for one see no signs of stability yet. For the time being, Iraq is the odd man out.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONGRESS OF THE SOVIET UNION COMMUNIST PARTY.



MR. KHRUSHCHEV PHOTOGRAPHED DURING HIS MARATHON OPENING SPEECH TO THE CONGRESS IN MOSCOW.

In an opening speech—lasting over six hours—to the Twenty-first Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, Mr. Khrushchev, on January 27, promised his compatriots a vastly improved standard of living, under the new seven-year plan, and freedom from income tax. He forecast that the Soviet Union would outstrip Western countries in peaceful competition, made a new appeal for a summit meeting and called for renewed efforts to end the cold war. In a wide-ranging review of international affairs, he said Russia could now send rockets accurately to any part of the globe, confirming, however, the view that war was not inevitable. He also said a zone free from atomic weapons should be created in the Pacific area. His speech was translated for foreign journalists, admitted to the Congress for the first time since Lenin's day.

CORRECTION: In our issue of January 17 we published a photograph purporting to show the European professional dance championships. The event was, in fact, the "Grand Prize of Europe" competition, which was won in 1957 and 1958 by Harry Smith-Hampshire and Doreen Casey, the present holders of the European Professional Championship title, who did not compete this year.

N.B.—The illustration on this page is not connected with Captain Falls' article.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



U.S.A. A NEW WINGLESS RESEARCH AIRCRAFT: THE PIASECKI *VZ-8P* DURING A TEST FLIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Piasecki *VZ-8P*, described as a Flying Jeep, has recently undergone flying tests at Philadelphia. Capable of vertical take-off and forward flight, it is powered by two ducted propellers. In Britain, the Hovercraft Development Co. Ltd. are working on a vehicle which will be held off the ground or water surface on a cushion of air as it moves forward.



WEST BERLIN. SECONDS BEFORE IT CRASHED IN RUINS: THE MAIN GATE OF THE LEHRTER RAILWAY STATION, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED.

The main gate of the Lehrter railway station in West Berlin was demolished on January 29. The station has been out of use since the Second World War, when it was badly damaged during bombing raids. The photograph was taken as the demolition charges were fired.



ITALY. RIOTING IN FLORENCE: DEMONSTRATORS HURRYING AWAY AS A FIRE-HOSE IS DIRECTED AGAINST THEM. THE DISTURBANCES OCCURRED AFTER POLICE EVICTED STRIKERS FROM A FACTORY.

Some fifty policemen and as many demonstrators were injured during a battle of stones, tear gas and fire-hoses in Florence on Jan. 27. The rioting followed the eviction by the police of 400 workers from a factory where they had staged a 3-week sit-down strike against dismissals. Transport came to a halt after a general strike call.



ITALY. A U.S. HELICOPTER ABOUT TO CARRY AN ITALIAN AIRCRAFT BACK TO ITS AIRFIELD AFTER IT HAD CRASH-LANDED IN THE ALPS.

Turbulent winds caused the pilot of a small Italian Army aircraft to crash-land in the Italian Alps recently. A rapid rescue of pilot and aircraft was carried out by a United States Army helicopter, the rescue operation being completed within 30 hours of the crash.



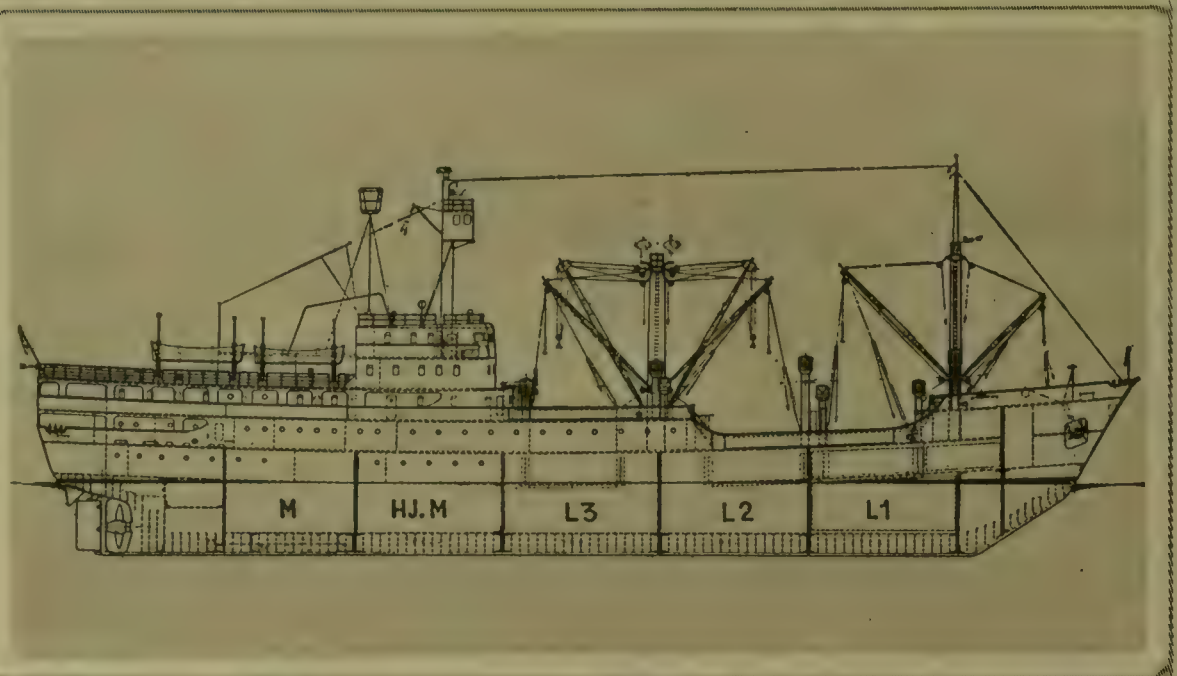
FRANCE. GENERAL DE GAULLE AT THE BALL HELD TO COMMEMORATE THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE SAINT CYR MILITARY ACADEMY.

On January 31 General de Gaulle attended the Saint Cyr ball in Paris. It was his first official social engagement since he became President. He has a personal bond with the military academy, having once attended it himself. With him was his wife, who is seen to his left in the photograph.



SWITZERLAND. FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT MONTGOMERY BEING GREETED ON HIS ARRIVAL RECENTLY AT THE AIRPORT AT ZURICH. HE IS TO SPEND A MONTH HOLIDAYING IN THE ALPS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.





DENMARK. A CROSS-SECTION OF THE *HANS HEDTOFT*, WHICH FOUNDERED AFTER HITTING AN ICEBERG OFF GREENLAND ON THE RETURN TRIP OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE. (*Reproduced by courtesy of "Politiken."*)
The *Hans Hedtoft* had seven watertight compartments, and even if two were flooded would have remained afloat. The compartments marked "L" are cargo holds; "M" the main- and "HJ.M" the auxiliary-motor rooms. The flooding began in the main-engine room. (Right). The position where the *Hans Hedtoft* foundered is marked by the cross.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND. FLOWERS WHERE A TAXI-DRIVER WAS KILLED AFTER A BANK RAID.



ZURICH. A POLICEMAN ESCORTS THE MAN STATED TO BE DONALD HUME.



ZURICH. THE SCENE OF THE BANK RAID. LATER, A MAN IDENTIFIED AS DONALD HUME WAS CHARGED WITH MURDER. After a bank raid in Zürich on Jan. 30, in which a taxi-driver was shot dead and a cashier wounded, a man—later said by Swiss police to have confessed to being Donald Hume—was arrested and charged with murder, attempted murder and armed robbery. Donald Hume is wanted by Scotland Yard for questioning concerning two armed robberies. He was released from prison early last year, having served 8 years of a 12-year sentence imposed after he had pleaded guilty to being an accessory after the fact in the Setty murder case.



MONACO. A MEETING OF MONACO'S NATIONAL COUNCIL: ON JANUARY 29 PRINCE RAINIER ANNOUNCED THAT HE HAD SUSPENDED THE CONSTITUTION, DISSOLVING THE COUNCIL.
In announcing that he had decided to suspend the Constitution, Prince Rainier explained that he had done so because of the continuously hostile attitude of the National Council, part of which is elected. He said that the suspension was provisional.



PRINCE RAINIER, PRINCESS GRACE, THEIR CHILDREN AND PRINCE RAINIER'S FATHER, ON THE PALACE BALCONY IN MONACO DURING A PUBLIC CEREMONY ON JANUARY 27—SHORTLY BEFORE PRINCE RAINIER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA. THE *PENDENNIS CASTLE*, THE NEW FLAGSHIP OF THE UNION CASTLE FLEET, ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.
The 28,600-ton liner *Pendennis Castle*, the keel of which was laid in Harland and Wolff's yard three years ago, arrived in Cape Town from Southampton on her maiden voyage on January 15. The *Pendennis Castle* carried passengers and cargo.



NEW DELHI, INDIA. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE WITH MR. NEHRU AND HIS DAUGHTER AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NEW U.S. EMBASSY.
On January 3 the new American Embassy in New Delhi, which was designed by Mr. Edward Stone and is said to have cost 2,400,000 dollars, was opened; and shown by the Ambassador, Mr. Ellsworth Bunker, to Mr. Nehru and his daughter Mrs. Indira Gandhi.





STUTTGART, WEST GERMANY. A NEAT OPERATION WITH EXPLOSIVES: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS HOW WELL THE CONTRACTORS, WHO WERE ORDERED TO DEMOLISH ONLY THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE ROYAL RIDING HALL, ACCOMPLISHED THEIR TASK BY THE DISCREET USE OF EXPLOSIVE CHARGES.



NEW DELHI, INDIA. RAJASTHANI GIRLS BRUSHING THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY BEFORE THE OPENING ON JANUARY 3.

(Left.)
PARIS, FRANCE. THE FIRST ALGERIAN-BORN MUSLIM TO OCCUPY THE CHAIR IN A REGULAR SESSION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: M. BACHAGA BOUALAM IN THE CHAIR ON JAN. 28. M. BOUALAM WAS ELECTED A VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN DECEMBER LAST.

(Right.)
WEST BERLIN. COMMEMORATING THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF KAISER WILHELM II: PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND OF PRUSSIA (RIGHT CENTRE), PRESENT HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN, ARRIVING WITH HIS WIFE, PRINCESS KYRA, AND PRINCESS VIKTORIA LUISE, FOR THE SERVICE IN THE KAISER FRIEDRICH MEMORIAL CHURCH ON JANUARY 27.



THE NEO-GEORGIAN STAGE

*"THE GAY TWENTIES: A DECADE OF THE THEATRE." By J. C. TREWIN.**

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

CERTAIN decades seem almost automatically to have acquired a qualifying and descriptive adjective. The Hungry Forties tell their own dismal tale, though we know it now merely by hearsay: the Naughty Nineties also speak for themselves, though the number of those who were of an age to be very naughty at that time is rapidly diminishing with the passing of the years: and now we have the third decade of the twentieth century setting itself up as the Gay Twenties—with considerable justification. Gay they certainly were, until the slump, like some fell disease, came sweeping across the world in October 1929; when its worst effects were over, there was Hitler, and life was never to be quite the same again.

In 1918, far more than at the end of the Second World War, gaiety was the order of the day. The middle-aged wanted to get back to the hedonism of the Edwardian era; those of us who were in our twenties had no other thought than to drink deep of that cup of pleasure which had been dashed from our lips in August 1914, before we had time to do anything more than sip it; and those who had grown up in the war only wished to forget their experiences of the previous years. Let joy be unconfined was the mood of the moment; this had been the war to end war, there would never be another, so why worry? It is difficult to recapture those feelings now, too much water—and blood—has flowed under the bridges in the interval, but such was the spirit of the age, and it was faithfully reflected on the contemporary stage.

Though no one suspected it at the time, the ensuing decade was the last age of the unchallenged theatre. The competition of the gramophone had long been met; the cinema was hardly yet a serious rival; wireless was in its infancy; and television was unknown. The stage thus had a monopoly in a world that craved for amusement, and in the pages of this book is to be found the record, year by year, of the way in which that craving was satisfied.

By this time the reign of the actor-manager was practically over, and Martin-Harvey—"fine actor addicted to the bad play" the author calls him—had coined its epitaph in a phrase truly reminiscent of a line from "The Only Way" when he said, "We have no one who will sacrifice himself for the benefit of the higher drama in London by maintaining on his own shoulders the great traditions of the past"; but there were still giants in the land, and the mere recital of their names will inspire many a reader with a feeling of nostalgia. Two of them were Charles Hawtrey and Gerald du Maurier, and each was a bundle of incongruities. The most sophisticated man of a sophisticated generation, Hawtrey, the bland man-about-town, was in some respects almost a baby, though a lovable one. As an actor his technique was consummate; by the tiniest inflection, the briefest hesitation in that soft speech, the merest blinking of an eye, he could convey more than many another competent performer in a long set speech. There were, incidentally, few better judges of a play, and he read every one that was sent to him. "Why can't some of these people learn to write naturally?" he once burst out. "Here's a fellow sends me a modern comedy with the line—'Hist! I hear the frou-frou of ladies' skirts!'"

As for du Maurier, in spite of the parts in which he played he never struck me as a man's man; it was not that he was in the least effeminate, but there always seemed to me the suspicion of a feminine streak in his character. Our author is right when he says that du Maurier was the acknowledged leader of the stage in the early twenties, and to a certain extent he set a fashion there, though the young men who lounged about the furniture, tapped their cigarettes on cases, slapped one another on the shoulders, and stroked their noses in their attempts at "naturalness," were in the end forced to realise that there was something more behind a "typical du Maurier" part than the mannerism.

To pass, not from the sublime to the ridiculous, but from one form of the sublime to the other, Mr. Trewin admirably evokes memories of the immortal George Robey. After quoting a remark of Horace Horsnell to the effect that as "Robey enters from the wings, his eyes command the house like the blazing headlights of a car rounding the corner of a night-dark road," he goes on to describe the sensation in 1923 when Sir Oswald Stoll put on at the Royal Opera House an American revue called "You'd be Surprised" in which the great comedian had a part, and there was some criticism of Robey's alleged presumption in appearing in this sacred place. When he did come on, and the first tumultuous applause had died down, he declared in those mock-serious tones which are still ringing in the ears of many of us, "I had hoped—I say, I had hoped that my peregrinations from the halls of raucous song and ill-clad Terpsichore to this temple of ancient and classic consonance would have synchronised with a general improvement in your demeanour. But alas! I fear such is not the case."



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. J. C. TREWIN.

Mr. John Trewin, dramatic critic for *The Illustrated London News* since 1946, was born in Cornwall in 1908. He has worked as a journalist and critic from the age of seventeen, when he joined the staff of the *Western Independent*. Since that time he has been a regular contributor to *The Observer*, *Punch*, *The Sketch* and a number of other publications. His numerous books on the theatre include several on the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford. He is married and has two sons.



"STAP ME VITALS!": CHARLES HAWTREY "APPLEJACKING" DURING THE DREAM SCENE OF "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE," AT THE PLAYHOUSE, 1921. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK REVIEWED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE ON THIS PAGE.



EDITH EVANS AS CYNTHIA DELL IN "THE LAUGHING LADY," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE, 1922. AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE GAY TWENTIES," REVIEWED HERE.



AIDED BY A FEATHER FAN, DOROTHY DICKSON SINGS THE FOX-TROT SONG, "DANCING TIME," IN "THE CABARET GIRL" AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, 1922. ALSO FROM MR. TREWIN'S BOOK.

The three pictures from the book reviewed here are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macdonald and Co. (Publishers) Ltd.

The author is as good at evoking the memory of the women of those days as of the men: for example:

> Tallulah Bankhead . . . a smouldering, pouting young woman with a voice like hot honey and milk, a face like an angry flower, eyes of violet-blue, and, at first, hair in a waving ash-blonde mane. (This was soon cut.) On chance she had come boldly to London from the Broadway theatre: her cheerful assurance, and the aid of Charles Cochran, got from a hypnotised Gerald du Maurier a part in the melodrama of "The Dancers," which he and Viola Tree had written under the name of Hubert Parsons. The newcomer had some fierce little scenes that she acted with resolution and the magnetism that could all but draw her audiences upon the stage. The first-night house shouted for her. . . . The play could hardly have mattered less; but Tallulah Bankhead had acted herself into London, and for eight teeming years she was a West End cult, her followers ribboning out at the gallery doors thirty hours before any first performance.

Also among the newcomers were Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward, and the latter very properly contributes a foreword to this account of a decade which marked his rise to fame. He also summed it up when he wrote:

> Though you 're only seventeen,
> Far too much of life you 've seen,
> Syncopated child!

Were the plays of the Twenties worthy of those who acted in them? That is indeed a big question, and one that must largely be a matter of individual taste. In this connection Mr. Trewin rates "Journey's End" very high indeed, and when he saw it again after the Second World War he still found "its truth untouched, its invention unrusted": then he goes on to say, "It is modish to regard 'Journey's End' as an ancient monument with more or less respectful interest. But Sherriff, seeking to give no more than a firm, simple idea of the ghastly four years' tournament of the Western Front, wrote with so much honesty—no pretence, no heroics—that his play must ever stir an audience with any kind of feeling." In spite of its rejection by the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and of its commercial failure when put on at the Apollo Theatre in London in 1929, we are also recommended by the author not to forget Sean O'Casey's "The Silver Tassie."

By then, however, the Twenties had ceased to be Gay, and the prevalent mood was very different from what it had been ten years earlier. "The laughter was growing sour, the zest forced. A jaded theatre moved towards 1939." If, as I for one fervently hope will be the case, Mr. Trewin is tempted to give us a further volume on the Thirties, it will be a sadder story that he will have to tell.

* "The Gay Twenties: A Decade of the Theatre." By J. C. Trewin. Illustrated. (Macdonald: London; 30s.)

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXII.
WESTONBIRT SCHOOL.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF WESTONBIRT AND PART OF THE BEAUTIFULLY ARRANGED GROUNDS. THE HOUSE IS MODELLED ON WOLLATON HALL.
Photograph by Peter Harding, Tetbury, Glos.



SOME OF THE GIRLS—WEARING THEIR RED CLOAKS—ON THE STEPS LEADING FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE GROUNDS.

Westonbirt House, a large and impressive mansion standing in magnificent wooded parkland, was completed in 1870 for Robert Stayner Holford, Lord of the Manor of Weston Birt. In 1927, the Martyrs' Memorial and Church of England Trust bought the house, with its park of over 500 acres, for the foundation of a girls' public school, and less than one year later, when the building had been rapidly changed for its new purpose, Westonbirt School was formally opened. The change-over from residence to school involved two major operations. The Orangery was turned into four spacious classrooms and the stables were altered to form the present courtyard. Loose-boxes were replaced by classrooms and laboratories, and a second storey was added to provide sleeping accommodation for the girls.

Lower photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

WESTONBIRT SCHOOL: SCENES AT THE FORMER HOME OF SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.



SOME OF THE GIRLS SERVING AND BUYING IN THE TUCKSHOP, WHERE A WIDE RANGE OF GOODS IS ON SALE.



MAJOR MILLMAN, OF CHELTENHAM, GIVING TENNIS COACHING ON THE HARD COURTS, WHERE THE GAME IS PLAYED IN ALL SEASONS.



GIRLS ON THEIR WAY TO PLAY GOLF. THE SCHOOL HAS ITS OWN NINE-HOLE COURSE, WHICH IS SITUATED IN THE GROUNDS.



MISS SCOTT-SMITH, THE HEADMISTRESS, WHO WAS APPOINTED IN 1955, IN SUCCESSION TO MISS GRUBB.



FIRE PRACTICE—SOME OF THE SCHOOL SEA RANGERS ENERGETICALLY CARRYING OUT FIRE-HOSE DRILL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.



THE HEADMISTRESS CHATTING WITH THE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL, RIGHT, THE DEPUTY HEAD, CENTRE, AND THE GAMES CAPTAIN.



A PICTURESQUE SCENE: SOME OF THE GIRLS IN THEIR CLOAKS WALKING PAST THE ANCIENT PARISH CHURCH, WHICH SERVES AS THE CHAPEL.



AN INFORMAL SCENE: THE PREFECTS IN THEIR ROOM, TRADITIONALLY KNOWN AS THE PARLOUR.



GIRLS WORKING IN THE LIBRARY, WHICH ONCE HOUSED THE REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS OF MR. ROBERT HOLFORD.



A VIEW OF THE DINING HALL DURING THE LUNCH HOUR, SHOWING A SAMPLE OF THE FINE INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE HOUSE.



IN ONE OF THE JUNIOR DORMITORIES, WHICH LOOK OUT ON TO THE SURROUNDING TREES AND PARK.

The first Headmistress of Westonbirt was Mrs. Houison Craufurd, a noted figure in the Girl Guide Movement, and the academic side of the school was supervised by Miss Angela Mason. Mrs. Craufurd was succeeded first by Miss Popham, later Headmistress of Cheltenham Ladies' College, and then by Miss Grubb, under whose direction the school grew quickly, now being one of England's leading girls' schools. It is one of the Allied Schools, the others being, for girls, Harrogate College, Felixstowe College and Lowther College, and, for boys, Stowe, Canford and Wrekin College. On the outbreak of war in 1939, Westonbirt was taken over by the Air Ministry, and the school moved to two houses in Wiltshire—Bowood, near Calne, the residence of Lady Lansdowne, and Corsham Court, the property of Lord Methuen. The houses were eight miles apart, and during this period the girls and staff at Corsham travelled daily to Bowood for school work. With an influx of younger girls from St. John's School, Bexhill, which had been forced to close down, part of a third house, Spye Park, was rented, and a preparatory school thus came into being there. (Later this establishment became independent of Westonbirt, although remaining one of the Allied Schools, and moved to Wicken Park, Buckinghamshire.) During the war, the strongroom at Westonbirt housed the treasures of St. John's College, Oxford. Mr. Holford, who built Westonbirt House, was a man of considerable wealth, and had a great love of art and of plants and trees. His architect for the House was Lewis Vulliamy, who had also designed his London residence, Dorchester House, now replaced by the Dorchester Hotel. In contrast with prevailing Victorian fashion, a Renaissance style was chosen for Westonbirt, which was modelled on Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

WESTONBIRT SCHOOL: LACROSSE, PHYSICS, COOKERY, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES.



AN ACTION SHOT OF A GAME OF LACROSSE BEING PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL BUILDING, FORMERLY THE MANOR OF WESTON BIRT.



MISS SHAW, FAR LEFT, SUPERVISING A LIFE CLASS IN THE ART SCHOOL, WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS POSING AS THE MODEL.



IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY: MEASURING THE VAPOUR PRESSURE OF WATER, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DR. WEIR.



A REST DURING A DANCING LESSON IN THE GREAT HALL: A VIEW SHOWING LEWIS VULLIAMY'S IMPOSING RECONSTRUCTION OF A CONTINENTAL CHIMNEY-PIECE.



DR. WEIR, WITH ONE OF THE SENIOR SCIENCE STUDENTS, DOING AN EXPERIMENT TO MEASURE OIL VISCOSITY.



THE SCENE DURING A DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MISS COTTRELL: CUTTING OUT PATTERNS AND MACHINING.



LEARNING THE ART OF COOKING: GIRLS GATHERED ROUND AN OVEN DURING ONE OF THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASSES.

The fine interior decoration of Westonbirt House, much of which remains to-day, included many of the works of art collected in Italy and Austria by Mr. Holford. The origin of the splendid mantelpiece—a reconstruction by the architect—in the main hall is variously given as Dutch or Italian. The plaster-work in the house is the work of Alfred Stevens. At one time, Mr. Holford's collection of pictures was considered as one of the most valuable in England, and many of these works were once to be seen in Westonbirt, which also housed the owner's valuable library. In the grounds are the noted gardens and nearby is the Arboretum, which are also largely the result of Mr. Holford's inspiration. The wide variety of plants and trees was arranged and planted with the utmost care, and in the autumn especially a wonderful range of contrasting colours can be seen. The little village of Weston—so called as it is situated in the western part of one of the Gloucestershire hundreds—is of ancient origin, and was probably once inhabited by Romans.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

IVORY POACHING IN KENYA; AND MEASURES AGAINST A WIDESPREAD TRAFFIC.



A KENYA IVORY POACHER—AN ACTUAL PORTRAIT. HE IS CARRYING HIS BOW AND POISONED ARROW AND A TUSK FOR WHICH HE WILL GET PERHAPS 2s. A POUND.



AN ANTI-POACHING PATROL OF SPECIALLY RECRUITED AND TRAINED SOMALIS MOVING THROUGH THE TYPICAL THORN-COUNTRY BETWEEN WKAMBA AND THE COAST.



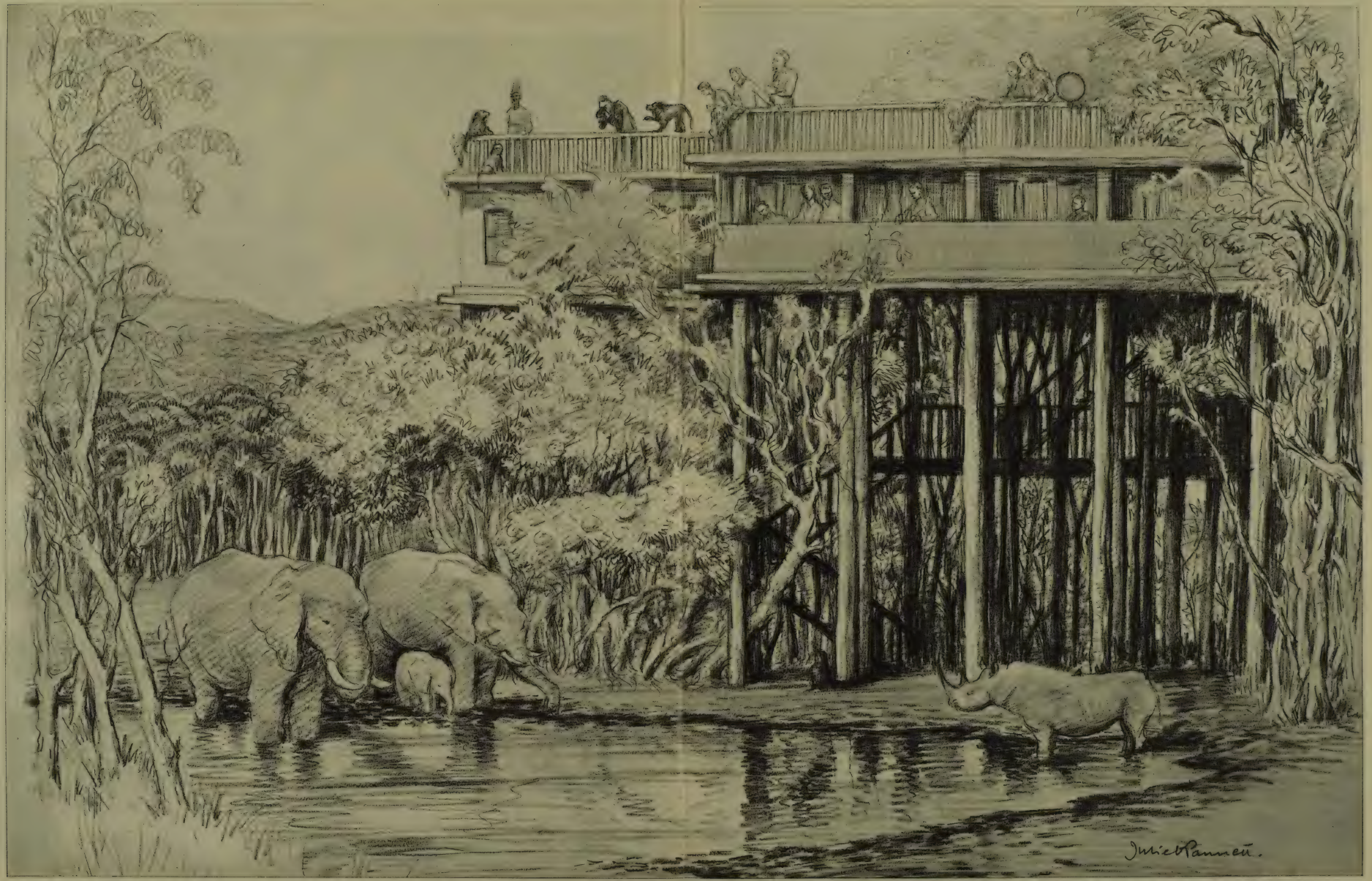
IN THE ROYAL NATIONAL PARKS' OPERATIONAL H.Q. AT VOI: IVORY, TRAPS, POISON AND OTHER MATERIALS CAPTURED FROM POACHERS AND ILLICIT DEALERS.



POACHER TURNED GAMEKEEPER: A FORMER HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ELEPHANT POACHER WHO HAS NOW VOLUNTEERED FOR GOVERNMENT SERVICE AND IS HERE GIVING EVIDENCE DURING AN INTERROGATION AT MAKINDU.

The poaching of game and the illicit traffic in ivory, rhino horns and skins has long been a headache of the Kenya Game Department and by 1952 had reached such proportions that special measures were being considered when they had to be shelved owing to the Mau Mau emergency. After 1955, however, a planned drive against this poaching came into operation; and Mobile Field Forces went into action with an operational headquarters at Voi, in the Tsavo National Park, where Mr. David Sheldrick, Warden of the Park, is in overall command. An aircraft of the Kenya Police Airwing, based on Voi, keeps track of the movement of game over thousands of square miles; and there is radio communication between the sections, the aircraft and the H.Q. The operation proved its worth very rapidly, and in one month (December 1956) 43 poachers were caught and 41 convicted, sentences ranged between three and sixteen months, fines between £10 and £100, and 105 skins, thirty-five elephant tusks and five pairs of rhino horns were recovered.

Drawn by Miss Pamela Drew.



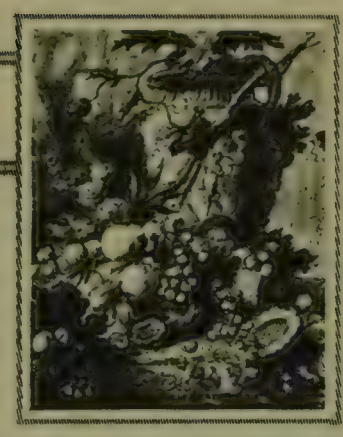
WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER WILL WATCH WILD GAME: THE UNIQUE AND FASCINATING TREETOPS HOTEL, KENYA, NOW REBUILT AFTER DESTRUCTION BY MAU MAU.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is to spend a night in one of the most remarkable hotels in the world, during her visit to East Africa in February. The Treetops Hotel, Kenya, was the idea of Mr. E. Sherbrooke Walker, who chose as a site an enormous tree in the forest, from whose branches visitors could watch the movements of wild game which came by night to a nearby pool. It was in this "Wendy" house that the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, was staying with the Duke of Edinburgh on February 5, 1952, when she became Queen of England on the sudden death of King George VI. The hotel was burned down in 1954 by the Mau Mau, and on the tree now rests an inscribed plaque commemorating the event. A new Treetops Hotel has now been constructed nearby. Mrs. Juliet Pannett, who has just returned from a visit to East Africa, spent two nights at the new Treetops, and made the drawing which we have reproduced here. She describes how at dawn she was conducted across the glade in front of the hotel by the white hunter, armed with a gun, to make her drawing. While she was working, elephants and rhinoceroses were wading in the pool, the rhinos snorting and grunting suspiciously. Up above, on the balcony, baboons had climbed over the balustrade and were rushing playfully around while other guests were busy photographing the animals below. She also describes how an artificial moon, seen on the balcony in her drawing, enables visitors to watch the animals right through the night, and how in the darkness hundreds of eyes would be seen shining in the forest, as the beasts approached the pool. Because Treetops is built so high, the animals are undisturbed by the scent of humans and their conversation. At night the ladders are drawn up as a precaution.

Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Juliet Pannett, S.G.A.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



ANNUAL AND BIENNIAL FLOWERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

THE trouble with annuals and their cultivation is that all too often they get a raw deal, or if not actually raw then half-baked. But so good-natured are many of them that they accommodate themselves to the most abominable treatment, and somehow manage to put up a wonderfully cheerful show, a show far jollier than the folk who misuse them deserve to enjoy. On the other hand, the difference between annuals which have been neglected and ill-treated in this way, and specimens which have received the living conditions that they deserve, is almost unbelievable.



"THAT LOVELIEST OF TRUE-BLUE ANNUALS": *PHACELIA CAMPANULARIA*, "WITH THIMBLE-LARGE BELL-FLOWERS OF A BLUE AS VIVID AND PURE AS THE SPRING GENTIAN ITSELF."
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

The borderline between annual and biennial flowering plants is, in general gardening circles, somewhat vague and ill-defined. Strictly speaking, an annual is one which, starting as a seed, becomes a plant, flowers, seeds, and dies—all within a year, whereas a biennial endures for two seasons, spending its first season in growing up into a plant, and then, having flowered and seeded in its second summer—dies. But many plants which we think of as biennials, and treat as such, are by nature perennials, and long-lived ones at that. Wallflowers are a typical example of a perennial which is usually treated as a biennial. We raise them from seed one year, bed them out that autumn, and then, next spring, directly they begin to look a trifle tatty, we pull them up, cart them off to the compost heap, and replace them with some summer-flowering bedders—antirrhinums, perhaps, which again are, by nature, true perennials. But sow your wallflower seeds and your snapdragon seeds on some crumbling wall, or on a heap of stone or brick-and-mortar rubble, and the plants will form hard, woody stems, and go on living and flowering year after year for many years. Our biennial treatment of these perennials is merely a matter of convenience, and a way of obtaining two separate displays of colour on the same piece of ground within the compass of one spring and autumn.

Perhaps the greatest mistake which the majority of gardeners make in growing annuals is that they sow the seeds far too thickly, and then fail to thin-out the seedlings as severely as they should. A great aid in sowing seeds of annuals as thinly as they should be sown, is to mix the seeds in a quantity of fine dry soil, or sand, and then sow the mixture. As a rough guide I would suggest a fair-sized pudding-basin of the fine dry soil, to the average sixpenny or shilling packet of seeds such as Shirley poppy or mignonette. But that amount of dilution will not be enough to ensure the best possible results. When the seedlings are well up, and have produced five or six leaves, they should be thinned-out quite mercilessly. Remember, a single plant of mignonette, under favourable conditions, can spread into a bushy specimen a foot or 18 ins. across, and such a plant, with real elbow-room, will give far finer flowers than half a dozen plants crowded into the same space could possibly produce.

Many annuals—those which are rightly classed as hardy annuals—give far finer results if sown in autumn, say about September—to flower the following spring or summer. I have found this especially so with that loveliest of true-blue annuals, *Phacelia campanularia*, and what could be more satisfying than a hearty clump of it, carrying hundreds of thimble-large bell-flowers of a blue as vivid and pure as the spring gentian itself.

If room can be spared for a reserve plot for providing cut flowers for the house—*and for friends*—it is a good plan to sow rows, in autumn, of such invaluable annuals as the larkspurs, cornflowers—including the lovely rose-pink variety—Shirley poppies, and such other favourites as come to mind. But here again severe thinning is most necessary, and it is a good plan, especially if you are a little timid and tender-hearted—to do this thinning in two or three goes. At the first thinning, the seedlings are so pathetically small that it would seem to be too brutal to leave them, poor mites, no larger than a threepenny-bit, and sitting solitary a foot or more from the next. But when they have become a little sturdier, and can look the part of landed proprietor, then there can be a further and a drastic slaughter of the innocents.

One of the most successful and sensational sowings of hardy annuals that I ever made was a good fifty years ago. There was a blank space in a long, wide herbaceous border, a space a dozen or more feet by four or five feet. I decided for annual poppies, varieties of *Papaver somniferum*, and bought a penny packet (those were the days) of every variety offered by the St. Albans penny-packet specialists. These I mixed with a quantity of fine, dry soil as I have described, and broadcast the lot over the empty space. Fortunately they came up reasonably thinly, and so needed little or no thinning-out. They were a superb and sumptuous sight that summer, standing a good 3 ft. tall, with beautiful glaucous blue-grey foliage, and their huge blossoms, scarlet, crimson, rose and white, lilac, violet and plum, single and double.



A FRIEZE OF THE AIRY SHAPES OF SHIRLEY POPPY FLOWERS AND BUDS. IF THESE ARE PICKED WHEN THE BUD CAPSULE IS JUST SPLITTING AND THE ENDS OF THE STALKS ARE BURNT OR SCALDED, THEY MAKE DELIGHTFUL CUT FLOWERS.
Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

I have been studying, and greatly enjoying, a most valuable book, "Annual and Biennial Flowers," by A. P. Balfour, a Penguin Handbook, prepared in collaboration with the Royal Horticultural Society. Could one expect more favourable auspices than A.P.B. and R.H.S. teamed up? And where could a gardener obtain better value for 6s.? Search me!

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ROYAL LUXURY OF NINETY YEARS AGO: QUEEN VICTORIA'S RAILWAY SALOON.



THE LAST WORD IN RAILWAY LUXURY IN 1869: THE DAY-ROOM OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S RAILWAY COACH, RECENTLY EXHIBITED AT EARLS COURT.



THE QUEEN'S DRESSER'S ROOM. AT THE OTHER END OF THE COACH, WHICH WAS USED BETWEEN 1869 AND 1900, IS THE SERGEANT FOOTMAN'S ROOM.



THE BEDROOM OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S COACH. THE ATTENDANT IS WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A NINETEENTH-CENTURY GUARD OF THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY.



A WASHING COMPARTMENT FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIVATE USE AND ADJOINING THE DAY-ROOM. THE WASH-BOWL IS OF GERMAN SILVER, THE ARM-RESTS BEAR NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

For the Furniture Exhibition at Earls Court, which closed to-day (February 7), one of the British Transport Commission's most notable relics, Queen Victoria's twelve-wheel railway coach, was brought from its temporary store at Wolverton, Bucks. This saloon was originally constructed as a pair of six-wheel saloons. It was designed by Richard Bore and built at Wolverton in 1869, being the first British railway carriages to be connected by an entirely closed flexible gangway. In 1895 the two bodies were united on a single frame to form the present twelve-wheel carriage. It was first used by Queen Victoria in May 1869 for a journey from Windsor to Ballater, and her last journey in it was in November 1900 from Ballater to Windsor. The exterior is in the purple brown and off-white of the old L.N.W.R. and the lower panel bears the Royal Arms and the insignia of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle and St. Patrick.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

NEWS FROM KANSAS CITY

THE museum at Kansas City, made possible originally by the benefactions of the William Rockhill Nelson family and of Mary Atkins, opened its doors twenty-five years ago and is justifiably proud of its silver jubilee. It has been celebrating the event in two ways—by a loan exhibition of Paintings and Drawings, and by a display of nine considerable works of art which have been acquired during the past twelve months together with numerous gifts; the latter include a collection of 200 European and American miniatures gathered together with knowledge and affection by Mr. and Mrs. John Starr, and a fine William III punch bowl and cover presented by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Atha, to whom the Museum is already indebted for previous gifts of early English silver, not least among them a two-handled cup and cover of the year 1737 by Paul de Lamerie. The punch bowl, by Benjamin Pyne, 1701, was made for the Gloucestershire-born Christopher Codrington who, after being commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands, returned to Barbados, dying in 1710. There Codrington College was built from his bequests while the Codrington Library at All Souls', Oxford, keeps his memory green at home.



FIG. 1. A MARBLE HEAD OF ANTINOUS, A ROMAN BUST OF THE SECOND CENTURY A.D.: FORMERLY IN A SWISS PRIVATE COLLECTION, AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT KANSAS CITY. (Height: 27½ ins.)

But what seems to me specially interesting about this celebration is the choice of the nine works which have been acquired in the past twelve months. It is, I think, a little difficult for Europeans, who have every reason to regard themselves as having been pampered in this respect for many generations, to place themselves in the position of the half a million or so inhabitants of Kansas City who only began to enjoy a fraction of our opportunities so few years back, and that not by any paternalism on the part of the state. What London, Paris and the other chief cities of Europe, not to mention Oxford and Cambridge, Birmingham and Liverpool, have taken for granted for so long, had to be built up from nothing. Not unnaturally, with so great a time handicap, a museum like that of Kansas City can never hope to catch up; what is marvellous is the achievement to date, and the remarkable range of the institution's interests as exemplified in these acquisitions.

On the whole, our own galleries are more specialised, but of those which are not, I wonder how many, given the resources, would spread their net quite so wide; or how many cities in Europe of similar size, faced by a similar problem, would have tackled it with such success or in so catholic a spirit in so short a time. Of these nine acquisitions we, in London, would place five in the British Museum (in four separate departments), one in the Tate Gallery and three in the National Gallery. The more supercilious among us is allowed to point out, if he wishes, that they would be of no vital consequence and indeed would be swallowed up almost without trace among the immense riches of these institutions; to which I reply that therein lies London's immense good fortune, in having started so early. But what excellent things they are of their kind, without being impossible rarities, and how neatly, whether by chance or design, they seem to represent the more cultivated tastes of this decade.

As to the question of taste—for one man's taste can be another man's nightmare—the catalogue has a word or two to say: "The private collector enjoys the privilege of indulging personal taste more freely and, by perspicacious buying, may become a taste-maker. The museum curator, spending public or semi-public funds, must proceed more slowly. As the custodian of a community enterprise, he must evaluate the art of many cultures from prehistory to the present; acquire the best of this art for his institution; anticipate future estimations of his choices in terms of the values of subsequent generations; and, withal, maintain the rôle of arbiter of taste in his time, for his immediate area."

I don't say this lays down a code very lucidly and I doubt whether over here we care to think of our museum directors as arbiters of taste for their or any other area, but as far as they go the words quoted serve well enough to show what the Kansas City direction has had in mind. As to anticipating what posterity will think, all concerned can sleep comfortably in their beds in the knowledge that they will not be present if ever later generations abuse them for having guessed wrong.



FIG. 2. A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE HEAD OF AN OBA, FROM BENIN, WEST AFRICA: FORMERLY ON LOAN IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM (WEBSTER PLASS COLLECTION). (Height: 11 ins.)



FIG. 3. "THE MARRIAGE AT CANA," BY THE VENETIAN PAINTER SEBASTIANO RICCI (1659-1734): FROM THE CHATSWORTH SALE, AND NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT KANSAS CITY. (Oil on canvas: 65 by 53 ins.)

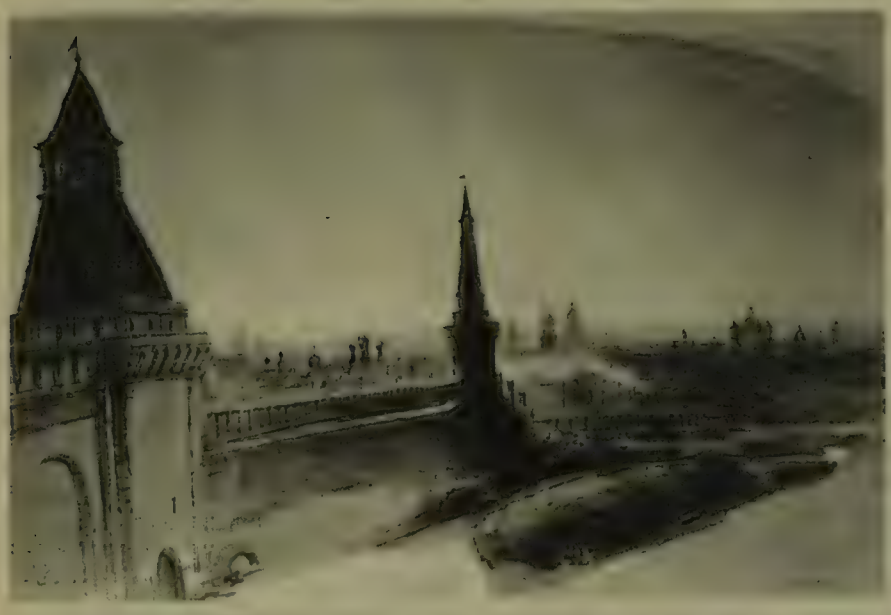
But to come more specifically to these acquisitions. There is first the Roman marble head of Antinous of the second century A.D. from a Swiss private collection (Fig. 1) and then in contrast—savage and powerful against the former's civilised sophistication—the seventeenth-century bronze head of an Oba from Benin, West Africa. This head, from the Webster Plass Collection, is well known from its exhibition at the British Museum and elsewhere (Fig. 2). A third sculpture is a small wax *maquette* by Rodin—a preliminary study for "The Thinker," which differs from the final and more famous version in many respects. There is a well-known drawing by Albrecht Dürer, a pen-and-ink of four heads, once in the fabulous collection of drawings gathered together by Sir Thomas Lawrence and which the British Government of the day refused to buy.

Many who visit the London auction rooms will have a vivid recollection of two of the newly-acquired Kansas City paintings. One of them—"The Marriage at Cana," with its very marked reminiscences of Veronese (Fig. 3), was in the sale of the Chatsworth paintings last summer, and is by that interesting Venetian, Sebastiano Ricci (1659–1734), one of the third Earl of Burlington's protégés — William Kent was another—who was a considerable success during his ten years in this country and was one of several targets for Hogarth's barbed arrows. In addition to the obvious influence of Veronese, there are also echoes from Tintoretto, notably the woman on the left holding the baby who comes straight from Tintoretto's "Miracle of the Slave" in the Academia, Venice; the man behind the figure of Christ is thought to be a self-portrait of the artist. Ricci has been out of favour since the eighteenth century and it is a phenomenon of these post-war years that this distinguished but not very original academic exercise realised as much as 8000 guineas.

The other painting which many of us remember with pleasure is a large landscape by François Boucher, painted in 1740, which was bought for £15,000 in another sale; a delightful fantasy in which the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli is inserted into a romantic landscape in the neighbourhood of Beauvais; this is not Boucher the slick successful decorator, but the fine painter who added his own accents to the language of Claude a century later. A third European painting is a St. Sebastian by the Neapolitan, Stanzione, a follower of Caravaggio, the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Schaeffer. Finally, there are two Chinese landscapes, one of them of the sixteenth century—a long scroll roughly 1 ft. high and 4½ ft. long, of a type which no one has yet succeeded in displaying properly in public.

You can, of course, spread them out in a long case so that their whole length is visible. What you cannot do is to show them as they were intended to be shown: that is, as a kind of elementary moving picture, placing the painting on a table rolled upon two rollers and gradually transferring from one roller to the other so that you look at not more than about a foot at a time. Thus do you have a very vivid impression of travelling along rivers and through mountain passes—in short, as if you were actually part of the painting and not merely an onlooker. America was considerably in advance of Europe in appreciating Chinese painting—and indeed Kansas City is well known as the owner of one of the three or four good collections. This Ming Dynasty scroll by Chou Ch'en (active about 1500–1534), ink and slight colour on silk, from a Japanese collection, would seem to be a notable addition.

SOME DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS—AT AGNEW'S.



"THE ESPLANADE FROM THE KREMLIN," BY A. G. VICKERS (1810-1837): ONE OF A NUMBER OF RUSSIAN VIEWS BY THIS ARTIST IN THE CURRENT WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S, WHICH IS OPEN UNTIL FEBRUARY 28. (Size: 8¼ by 12¼ ins.)



"PARIS," BY T. S. BOYS (1803-1874). AN INTERESTING PAINTING, SHOWING THE EASTERN END OF THE ILE DE LA CITE AND THE NOTRE DAME, PAINTED DURING THE BUILDING OF THE QUAY-SIDE. HOUSES STAND RIGHT UP AGAINST THE CATHEDRAL. (Size: 14¼ by 23¾ ins.)



"BOLTON ABBEY," BY D. COX (1783-1859). A TRANQUIL AND MELLOW PAINTING: ONE OF SEVERAL WATER-COLOURS BY THIS ARTIST IN THE EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT AGNEW'S, WHICH CONTAINS A NUMBER OF FINE WORKS. (Size: 7¼ by 10 ins.)



"THE EAGLE TOWER, CAERNARVON CASTLE," BY P. SANDBY (1724-1809): THE ONLY PAINTING BY SANDBY IN THE EXHIBITION. IT SHOWS THE ARTIST'S INTEREST IN ARCHITECTURAL SUBJECTS IN A LANDSCAPE SETTING. (Size: 13 by 18 ins.)



"GREENWICH," BY J. HOLLAND (1800-1870): A GAY PAINTING SHOWING A CROWD WATCHING A FLIGHT BY BALLOON. ALSO BY JAMES HOLLAND IN THE EXHIBITION ARE TWO STUDIES OF VENICE, ONE OF WHICH IS OF THE RIALTO. (Size: 9 by 11¼ ins.)



"HOLLAND HOUSE," BY G. SAMUEL (?-1823): AN INTERESTING TOPOGRAPHICAL STUDY OF ONE OF LONDON'S "COUNTRY" HOUSES, PART OF WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN CONVERTED INTO A YOUTH HOSTEL. (Size: 14¼ by 21¼ ins.)

The eighty-sixth annual water-colour and drawing exhibition at Thos. Agnew and Sons, 43, Old Bond Street, remains open until February 28. It contains an exceptionally large number of fine works, varying from some distinguished and powerful subjects by Turner to several early nineteenth-century studies of Russia by Vickers. These latter were commissioned works, and besides being skilfully drawn, they have a considerable topographical interest. Similar themes appear in drawings by a modern artist, Paul Hogarth. The dozen or more works by de Wint reveal the wide range of this delightful and versatile artist; he is represented by a number of English country scenes, and also by sketches in chalk and pencil—small and inexpensive—which de Wint made on his brief visit to Normandy. There are a number of Rowlandsons, including "The Elopement," a favourite subject of his; and some well-executed, if rather dull, portrait drawings by Downman. Francis Towne is shown by several works, including his powerful "Vale of St. John, Cumberland," which shows the strong simplicity of his draughtsmanship. J. F. Lewis is represented by some studies of Amalfi and Corfu; D. Roberts by two paintings which include his lively "Bothwell Bridge, Lanarkshire." There are a large number of Edward Lears, mostly Mediterranean traveller's pictures, full of charm and the artist's characteristic fascination with rock formations. A beautifully mellow study of Bolton Abbey by Cox stands out; so does a most interesting Paris scene by Shotter Boys, showing Notre Dame from an open space that is now an overcrowded part of the Latin Quarter.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DAYS OF THE TERROR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THE French Revolution has always seemed to be too theatrical for the theatre. In those few ensanguined years of grimly ordered chaos, there was material enough for a thousand dramas. We have had very many ; none that I remember has done more than skim the surface, though I was grateful not so long ago for Höchwalder's "The Public Prosecutor." That, of course, was not intended to be historical : it was simply an invention and a cunning one : a dramatist's idea of what might have happened if Fouquier-Tinville had over-reached himself at the last.

That said, what do we remember beside the demmed elusive Pimpernel, and Sydney Carton on the guillotine ? I wonder how many think now of Sardou's "Robespierre" which Laurence Irving translated and his father performed at the Lyceum sixty years ago, with a cast of about seventy speaking parts ? It was a strongly-contrived melodrama with a scene in which Robespierre was haunted by the ghosts of the people he had sent to death. The sea-green incorruptible—that phrase takes a headlong dive at the pen—appears in only half of the play just staged at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Georg Buechner's "Danton's Death" (*Dantons Tod*). This is probably the most ambitious Revolution drama of them all and one that seeks to set before us a vast, blood-stained tapestry of the Terror.

I went with some hope to Hammersmith. With the Buechner (in a version by James Maxwell), the Fifty Nine Theatre Company, clearly an enterprise of determination and youth, began its London career. Moreover, I had once heard "Danton's Death" done exceedingly well on sound-radio—that was in the summer of 1954—and I wanted very much to meet a play of the French Revolution that would make me forget a luckless night : a production of Peter Ustinov's "The Empty Chair," some time ago, that was among the worst amateur performances in recollection. As an admirer of Mr. Ustinov, I cannot believe that I have yet seen and heard anything like the play he wrote. It is a study in the devouring Frankenstein-monster quality of the Revolution. Ustinov called it "not a mere reproduction of events but rather . . . a commentary on the psychology of revolution in general. The room in which the play takes place is a composite and imaginary one . . ."

There are leagues between that strange set of conversations—which I shall hope to hear again, properly spoken—and the fierce rhetorical chronicle of "Danton's Death." In form it may remind you of an edited newsreel of the Terror during the deadly spring of 1794. The tragic young German rebel, Georg Buechner, wrote it in those gunpowder-years of the early 1830s in Germany, at no greater distance from the events he described than a modern writer would be in discussing the First World War. The old names are here : Danton, Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, St. Just, Fouquier-Tinville. It is a record of the period when Danton and his friends, weary of bloodshed, found themselves opposed to Robespierre, St. Just, and their faction who were thrusting so many former comrades to the tumbrils and the knife. Buechner sought to show how Robespierre, knowing that blood must have blood, that retreat would be fatal, doomed even his old schoolfellow Desmoulins and the leonine Danton.

On sound-radio, I recall, the play came through remarkably—maybe because so much was left to the imagination. Listening to it, and remembering Carlyle—who has no place, I notice, in the full and excellent Hammersmith programme—the Revolution and the Terror rose as never before. There were obtrusive modernisms in that translation, but they ceased to worry. Certainly I do not forget the Third Programme hours in which Donald Wolfit allowed us to see the huge brawny figure of Danton and his black brows, and Walter Hudd's frigid zealot Robespierre kindled a bonfire on the ice.

So, hopefully, I went to Hammersmith. There they would be again : Danton, "a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection, and wild



A "FIERCE RHETORICAL CHRONICLE" : "DANTON'S DEATH" —A SCENE FROM GEORG BUECHNER'S PLAY (IN A VERSION BY JAMES MAXWELL), SHOWING ROBESPIERRE (HAROLD LANG) DENOUNCING DANTON BEFORE THE NATIONAL CONVENTION. WITH THIS PLAY, AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, THE FIFTY NINE THEATRE COMPANY BEGAN ITS LONDON CAREER. (FIRST NIGHT, JANUARY 27.)

revolutionary force and manhood . . . a Man fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself" ; Desmoulins, of the long curling locks, "with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius, as if a naphtha-flare burnt within it" ; Robespierre, with the "complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green" ; St. Just, of "slight stature, with mild mellow voice, enthusiast olive-complexion and long black hair" : these, and the others, long-known in Carlyle's text. They duly appeared in "Danton's Death" on the Lyric stage, and I came away sharply disappointed. Although Casper Wrede, the director, had toiled to manœuvre swiftly dozens of characters in a score of scenes, the night seemed to be desperately undramatic : a phantasmagoria in slow-motion ; charades of the Terror ; clotted set speeches. Now and again a scene or a character startled by a sudden flash of truth ; but I could not believe that the Terror was really so tedious. I can simply report that what had excited me on sound-radio, now (in another text) left me cold.

Probably it was because Mr. Wrede's production left too little to the imagination, and neither acting nor speaking was persuasive enough to cloak the dragging dialogue. Patrick Wymark toiled with the eloquent and oddly introspective Danton, here no more than a shell of the man, and Harold Lang with a squeakily-piping Robespierre : neither remained for me more than an actor in the toils. Patrick McGoohan's St. Just showed splendidly what might have been done, and elsewhere I noticed a good moment for Peter Sallis as Barrère, of the Committee of Public Safety ; and Lee Fox's trebling of Legendre, Tom Paine (in particular) at work on "The Age of Reason" in prison, and the First Executioner. There was plenty of work for the guillotine in a last scene of ingenious realism. But it was not, alas, a night I am likely to remember with spirit. I hope for better things in the next Fifty Nine productions : Otway's version of "The Cheats of Scapin" and Strindberg's "Creditors" in a double bill, and, astonishingly, Ibsen's "Brand."

The moment of terror in James Parish's "A Woman on the Stair" (Westminster) came early when Tony Wright advanced, just before a black-out, to kill Nora Nicholson. I was most relieved to find that Miss Nicholson was still alive at the last curtain : she is an exceedingly endearing actress. That scene in the London tenement room of the infirm widow who is killed because she has somewhere a valuable brooch that the murderer does not find, is the best in Mr. Parish's play. Everybody at the première was acting with effect, and we did not know then that the play would tail off because the dramatist had nothing in particular to invent or to say.

There is one excellent passage when Gwen Watford, as a blind woman reconstructing her meeting with the murderer on the stair, and Raymond Huntley as a detective superintendent, discover a clue to the man's identity. Otherwise, I can do little more than congratulate Miss Watford upon the extreme delicacy and truth of her blind woman ; Mr. Huntley on the creaming calm of his superintendent—I cannot think of a calmer actor upon our stage—and such players as Miss Nicholson (the victim) and Nan Munro and Diane Clare (two different types of friend). You may not make much of the play ; but the acting and Jack Minster's use of a complicated set should be—and, I hope, will be—admired.



DANTON (PATRICK WYMARK), ACCUSED OF HIGH TREASON, DEFENDS HIMSELF BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL: ANOTHER SCENE FROM "DANTON'S DEATH."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"GOODBYE WORLD" (Guildford Theatre).—A new play by Bernard Kops, who wrote "The Hamlet of Stepney Green." (February 2.)

"HAMLET" (Birmingham Repertory).—Ian Richardson is to be the young Hamlet of a new production at Sir Barry Jackson's theatre. (February 10.)

"A TASTE OF HONEY" (Wyndham's).—Shelagh Delaney's play which has been successful at Stratford-atte-Bowe. (February 10.)

"TARTUFFE" and "SGANARELLE" (Old Vic).—A Molière bill, the versions by Miles Malleson, who will appear as Sganarelle in the after-piece and produce it. Douglas Seale is the director of "Tartuffe," with Derek Francis in the lead. (February 11.)

ACTORS AT THEIR EASELS: A CHARITY EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS FROM "SHOW BUSINESS."



(Left.) "THE PINK PARK," BY JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS, A CHARMING AND LIGHT-HEARTED PAINTING IN THE MANNER OF L. S. LOWRY FROM "THE MARTELL ART EXHIBITION" OF PICTURES BY STAGE AND SCREEN PERSONALITIES, NOW BEING HELD AT THE R. W. S. GALLERIES, 26, CONDUIT STREET.

(Right.) "ROCAMADOUR," BY SIR BARRY JACKSON, DIRECTOR OF THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED SEVERAL EXCELLENT PAINTINGS. A CIRCULAR LETTER WAS SENT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY BY SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER ASKING FOR PICTURES. (On loan from the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.)





"BOATS FOR SALE, WHITSTABLE," BY PETER CUSHING, THE TELEVISION AND SCREEN ACTOR, WHO RECENTLY HELD A "ONE-MAN" SHOW.



"AUTUMN ON THE AVON," BY MICHAEL DENISON, WHO IS ANOTHER ACTOR WHOSE TALENTS ARE BY NO MEANS CONFINED TO THE STAGE.



"OLIVIER IN LEAR," BY NICHOLAS HANNEN, THE STAGE AND FILM ACTOR. OVER EIGHTY PERSONALITIES OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THIS EXHIBITION.



UNDOUBTEDLY THE OUTSTANDING PAINTING IN THE EXHIBITION: THE WELL-KNOWN "THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH," BY SPIKE MILLIGAN. PRICED AT ONLY 20,000 GUINEAS, IT POSSESSES A PRECISE DELICACY OF BRUSH-WORK WHICH REVEALS THE ARTIST'S DEEP LOVE OF MINOAN CERAMICS.

From February 3 to February 14 there is an exhibition of over 300 paintings by stage and screen personalities at the R. W. S. Galleries, 26, Conduit Street. Called "The Martell Art Exhibition," it has been sponsored by Martell and Co., and is in aid of theatrical charities. On being consulted about this exhibition, Sir Laurence Olivier sent letters to actors and actresses all over the country. In reply over eighty agreed to send exhibits. These included such well-known people as Miss Vivien Leigh, Sir Barry Jackson and Sir Ralph Richardson. Many of the exhibits are serious paintings, but some contributors reacted more lightheartedly. Mr. Michael Miles wrote, "The only type of art work I am interested in is Brigitte Bardot." Mr. Spike Milligan, of "Goon" fame, sent two inspired "splurges," with the titles "When did you last see your Father?" and "The Boyhood of Raleigh," both priced at 20,000 guineas.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BAD AND GOOD IN SPARROWS

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN 1586, William Camden, the antiquarian and historian, wrote : " It is said that no sparrows have ever been seen at a place called Lindham in the moors below Hatfield." If this was correct then either the habits of the sparrow have changed since that date or there was something peculiar about the place called Lindham. A number of birds have become associated with human habitations, but none so completely as the house-sparrow, and man has taken the sparrow on his travels so that it is now established over most of the world.

The house-sparrow has used mankind for its own ends, and has, in fact, become so dependent upon the human race for its existence that, according to E. M. Nicholson, in " Birds and Men," the " disappearance of the human inhabitants from Britain might well lead to the utter extinction of the house-sparrow." But if the sparrow has made use of us, we have retaliated by making use of it. Lavoisier used it in 1777 for his famous experiments on breathing in animals and the changes in the air so breathed. Since then the bird has figured in numerous scientific experiments on respiration, and on other aspects of metabolism, as well as for tests of polluted air. A sparrow's rapid breathing, a hundred to the minute, means that it will succumb more readily in a poisoned atmosphere than most animals available for test, thus giving the most speedy indication of an atmosphere unfit for breathing. Its reproductive organs are particularly active, with the result that it has been used as a standard indicator for the study of certain hormones.

Paradoxically, although the bird is so common and so familiar, very little attention has been paid to it as a living bird. Some species of birds have been so thoroughly studied that we now know the significance of almost every note they utter and of the tiniest movements they make. With sparrows the reverse is true, that we are very much in ignorance of even the gross features of their behaviour. It is quite likely that they have been ignored not only because, being so familiar to us, few people have bothered to study them, but also because there is nothing spectacular about them, in plumage, size or song. As to this last, although their habitual chirrupings are untuneful and monotonous it is not from lack of ability. There have been many cases of a fledgling sparrow brought up by foster-parents, such as linnet or canary, copying the song of the parents. There have also been instances of sparrows in cages copying the notes of songsters in nearby cages.

Perhaps if knowledge of the habits of sparrows had been more securely founded in the past the birds would not have been taken around the world. A typical example of the way writers on natural history sought to exonerate the sparrow is contained in the words of an eighteenth-century author seeking to show the good it did. He made the point that when feeding their young, of which each pair has not less than three broods a year, the parents catch over 3000 caterpillars a week, besides other insects. This contrasts with the more precise observations of modern ornithologists, for whom E. M. Nicholson speaks : " In the Hudson Sanctuary in Hyde Park I have even seen young sparrows being fed by both parents with crumbs brought from a distance, though the trees close at hand were heavy with caterpillars which the birds ignored. Not far away I found small may hawthorns swarming with thousands of caterpillars, and plenty of sparrows about, but in ten minutes only three of them visited the tree I was watching and these fed mostly, if not entirely, upon seeds or pieces of dead flowers."

What then do sparrows feed on ? Again we can turn to authoritative writings, this time to " The Handbook of British Birds " : " In agricultural districts chiefly corn (75 per cent.), seeds of weeds, with [a] few insects, etc. ; in towns, insects, street refuse, and a few seeds ; in fruit-growing districts staple food [is] insects and their larvæ . . . also earthworms, but some seeds, buds, fruit, corn, etc., also eaten." So the agriculturalist will be inclined to execrate the sparrow, the town-dweller to tolerate it, and the fruit-grower possibly to see in it an ally against insects.

At all events, the house-sparrow, native of much of the Old World, is now firmly established over most of the Americas, as well as in parts of the Old World to which it was not native. A few pairs were taken to New York in 1850, to deal with insect pests, we are told. More were subsequently released, and sparrows rapidly spread over most of the U.S.A. In " Principles of Animal Ecology," Allee and his co-authors point out that the " numbers of individuals, however, are in direct proportion to the degree of environmental modification wrought by man. The greatest abundance is reached in the cities where few native birds are to be found, the numbers decrease on the edge of town and in the country districts where native birds are more abundant, and the sparrow is about as rare in virgin woods or prairies as native birds are rare in the centers of large metropolitan areas."

In other words, sparrows are at a disadvantage outside their own native habitat except in so far as they can shelter in man's buildings and scavenge his crumbs. Even here in Britain sparrows are not so numerous as their noisy groups sometimes make them appear. They are sociable, seldom seen in ones and twos, and as rarely seen in large flocks, of the kind starlings form. They are noisy and quarrelsome, which makes us more aware of their presence, and caused a writer half-a-century ago to describe London as " a huge colony of House Sparrows, possibly numbering millions." Censuses taken in the intervening years suggest that the total population of sparrows in London is unlikely to exceed by much a quarter of a million.

Sparrows may be importuners, scavengers, builders of large untidy nests in our roofs and a lot of other things besides. They may be quarrelsome but they also have a quality of group loyalty especially towards their young, which may partly explain their success as colonists. Many stories have been told to illustrate this, and these are epitomised in the account given as long ago as 1790. Smellie, in his " Philosophy of Natural History," relates how, as a boy, he found a nest containing baby sparrows, and this he transported to his home, a mile away. Both parents followed him all the way, and the thought struck him that they might feed the youngsters, so, on arriving home, he put the nest in the corner of a wire cage, outside the window.

The subsequent events are best given in his own words : " The young animals soon cried for food. In a short time both parents, having their bills filled with small caterpillars, came to the cage ; and after chatting a little, as we would do with a friend through the lattice of a prison, gave a small worm to each. This parental intercourse continued regularly for some time ; till the young were completely fledged, and had acquired a considerable degree of strength. I then took one of the strongest of them, and placed him on the outside of the cage, in order to observe the conduct of the parents after one of their offspring was emancipated. In a few minutes both parents arrived, loaded, as usual, with food. They no sooner perceived that one of their children had escaped from prison, than they fluttered about, and made a thousand noisy demonstrations of joy both with their wings and their voices. These tumultuous expressions of unexpected happiness at last gave place to a more calm and soothing conversation. By their voices and their movements it was evident that they earnestly entreated him to follow them, and to fly from his present dangerous state."

To cut the story short, they at last encouraged him to fly with them, as they did also each in turn of the remainder of their brood placed out the next day. We may not use this same poetic language to-day, but we can still see sparrows behaving in the way Smellie described.



PARENTAL INSTINCTS IN SPARROWS: TWO FLEDGLING SPARROWS BEHIND A CLOSED WINDOW IN AN ATTIC . . . " Two fledgling sparrows, from a nest in my roof," writes Dr. Burton, " . . . flew to an attic window. Soon the parents appeared outside the window calling anxiously to their offspring. Eventually the window was opened to let the young sparrows out, when they were welcomed with ' tumultuous expressions of unexpected happiness.' "



. . . ONE OF THE FLEDGLINGS STILL CAUGHT BEHIND THE GLASS, WITH ONE OF THE PARENTS, LEFT, ANXIOUSLY AWAITING ITS OFFSPRING OUTSIDE. (THE PARENT'S HEAD IS OBSCURED BY A GRIMY WINDOW-PANE).

Photographs by Jane Burton.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE CONSERVATIVES HOLD SOUTHEND WEST: MR. P. CHANNON.
Mr. Paul Channon, aged twenty-three, was returned to Parliament with a majority of 8179 in the Southend West by-election on January 29. The by-election was caused by the death of his father, the former Conservative Member. Miss Harvey (Liberal) polled about 1000 more votes than the Labour candidate, Mr. A. Pearson-Clarke.



GENERAL AGOSTINI, WHO DIED AFTER REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.
General Pierre Agostini, Commander of France's Fifth Military Region, the South-East, died of a hæmorrhage shortly after collapsing on a parade-ground on January 27. During the war he fought with the Allied armies under Marshal Juin. Later he spent many years in charge of French troops in Morocco, a post he held until his home appointment.



THE NEW MEDITERRANEAN C.-IN-C.: ADMIRAL SIR A. BINGLEY.
Admiral Sir Alexander Bingley has succeeded Admiral Sir Charles Lambe as C.-in-C. Mediterranean. He has also taken over the command of N.A.T.O. Mediterranean forces. He is fifty-three, and commanded aircraft-carriers during the war. He wears the "half wing" of the Fleet Air Arm, the first Mediterranean Commander-in-Chief to do so.



1959 CHARLEMAGNE PRIZE FOR GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL.
The Charlemagne Prize, founded by prominent citizens as an award to leaders who have helped to promote European unity, has this year been awarded to General George Marshall, author of the Marshall Plan, in recognition of his post-war services in the economic reconstruction of Europe. Previous winners include Sir Winston Churchill.



PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST STATE SENATE OF ALASKA.
The first President of the Alaskan Senate is an Eskimo, Mr. William E. Belize. He is forty-six. Alaska has recently become the 49th State of the U.S.A. Prior to this Alaska had a territorial Governor appointed by the American President. Now it will have an elected Governor, and members of the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives.



GUESTS OF HONOUR OF THE BRITISH THEATRE MUSEUM ASSOCIATION AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE: ELEVEN HAMLETS.
At a dinner given to mark the opening of an exhibition illustrating the stage history of "Hamlet," eleven Hamlets included, l. to r., Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Robert Harris, Mr. Terence O'Brien, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, Mr. John Laurie, Miss Esmé Beringer, Mr. Michael Redgrave, Mr. Michael MacLiammoir, Mr. Robert Eddison, Mr. Alec Clunes and Mr. Baliol Holloway.



GENERAL SALAN TO BECOME MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PARIS.
General Salan's new appointment, as Military Governor of Paris, is technically a promotion, but is being interpreted in France as an equivocal move by President de Gaulle to transfer the General gradually to a position where his power will be more limited. He has until now been the Government's representative in Algeria.



INDUSTRIAL DESIGN CHIEF RETIRES: SIR GORDON RUSSELL.
Sir Gordon Russell, Director of the Council of Industrial Design since 1947, will retire at the end of the year. Sir Gordon has had a distinguished career, and has travelled extensively studying design. He was on the Executive Committee of the Festival of Britain, and established the firm of Gordon Russell, Ltd., after the First World War.



AN AGREEMENT SIGNED BETWEEN THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE CO-OPERATIVE UNION.
The Labour Party and the Co-operative Union have signed an agreement which confirms a decision of the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool. L. to r. are: Mr. G. R. Douglas, Mr. J. M. Peddie, and the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE ILL-FATED DANISH SHIP *HANS HEDTOFT*: CAPTAIN P. L. RASMUSSEN.
Captain P. L. Rasmussen, aged fifty-eight and with thirty years' experience of northern waters, was in command of the *Hans Hedtoft* (illustrated on the front page) which disappeared after striking an iceberg near Greenland on January 30.



RESIGNATION FROM GOVERNMENT WHIP: SIR DAVID ROBERTSON.
The Conservative M.P. for Caithness and Sutherland, Sir David Robertson, has resigned the Government Whip in protest against the Government's handling of Scottish, particularly Highland, affairs. He will retain his seat in the present Parliament as an Independent. He disagrees with Government schemes for grants to small farms in Scotland.



A PROMINENT LIBERAL: THE LATE MR. PHILIP FOTHERGILL.
Mr. Philip Fothergill, who died on January 31, held a number of high posts in the Liberal Party. Since 1946 he had been at different times Chairman of the Executive Committee, Vice-President and President of the Party. Although never an M.P., he three times stood for Parliament. In 1957 he was forced to withdraw through ill-health.



TO BE THE FIRST MASTER OF CHURCHILL COLLEGE: SIR JOHN COCKCROFT.
Sir John Cockcroft, O.M., has accepted an invitation to be Master of the new Churchill College, Cambridge. Since 1946 he has been the Director of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment. He is also an Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Churchill College is to cost £3,500,000, and most of the buildings will be completed by 1961.



AN EMINENT CLASSICAL SCHOLAR: THE LATE PROFESSOR A. W. GOMME.
Professor A. W. Gomme, the distinguished classical scholar, died on January 18 after a long illness. He had been for eleven years Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. In 1951 he took over the editorship of the *Hellenic Journal* and in 1956 became President of the Hellenic Society and of the Scottish Classical Association. He was seventy-two.



THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO INDONESIA: SIR LESLIE FRY.
Sir Leslie Fry, H.M. Minister to Hungary since 1955, has been appointed Ambassador at Jakarta in succession to Mr. D. F. MacDermot. During the Hungarian revolution in the autumn of 1956, Sir Leslie had the task of ensuring the safety of British citizens in Hungary. He was knighted in 1957. He is fifty, and entered the Foreign Service in 1947.

THE HAMMERSMITH FLY-OVER; AND PLANS FOR "TOWN ROADS FOR TODAY—AND TOMORROW."



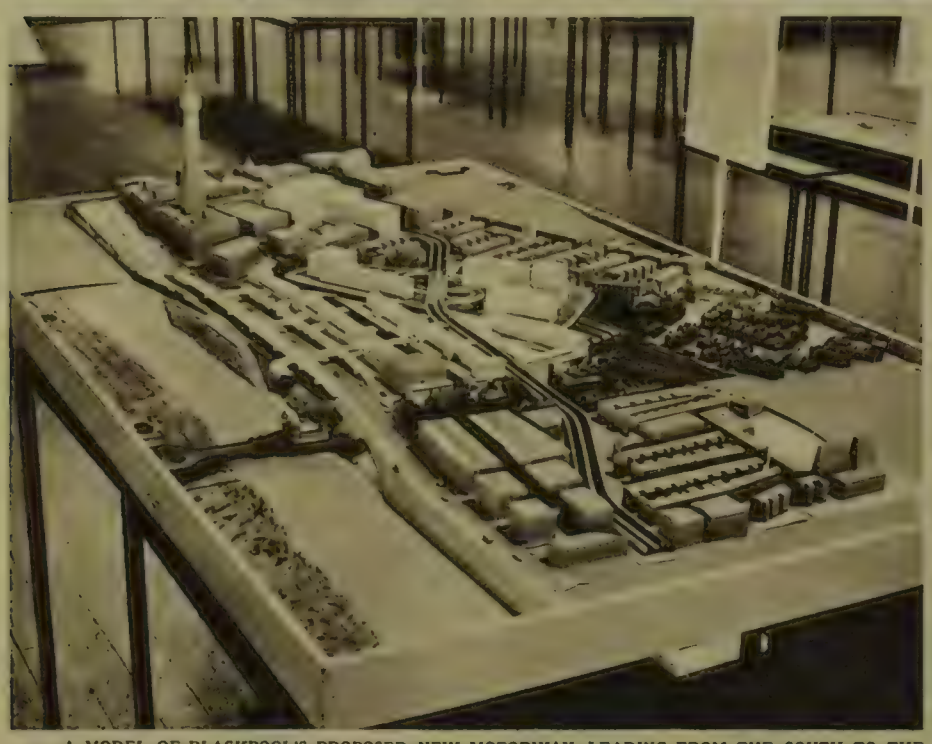
A SOLUTION FOR HYDE PARK CORNER? A PROJECT IN MODEL FORM, VIEWED FROM THE EAST—AT THE RECENT TOWN ROADS EXHIBITION IN WESTMINSTER.



ALSO AT THE TOWN ROADS EXHIBITION OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT ON JANUARY 28: A MODEL OF THE MARBLE ARCH AREA, LOOKING NORTH.



APPROVED BY THE TOWN PLANNING COMMITTEE OF THE L.C.C.: A FOUR-LANE FLY-OVER FOR HAMMERSMITH, PART OF THE CROMWELL ROAD EXTENSION.



A MODEL OF BLACKPOOL'S PROPOSED NEW MOTORWAY, LEADING FROM THE SOUTH TO THE CENTRE AND AVOIDING THE USE OF THE PROMENADE.



HOW BIRMINGHAM IS TACKLING CONGESTION AT OLDBURY: A SECTION OF A PROPOSED HIGH-LEVEL ROAD WITH RAMPED CONNECTING APPROACHES.

On the assumption that fast private traffic is necessary in the centre of large towns and cities, drastic solutions to solve the resultant congestion would seem to be equally necessary. Some interesting suggestions towards beating the approaching impasse were to be seen at the exhibition, "Town Roads for Today—and Tomorrow," staged at the Institute of Civil Engineers, in Westminster, and opened on January 28 by Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport. The exhibition closes to-day (February 7). Among the schemes featured, some of which we illustrate, are some from London, Birmingham, Coventry, Cardiff, Exeter, Leicester, Lincoln, Plymouth and Stretford. The Hammersmith fly-over which we also illustrate, links with the Cromwell Road extension and the development of the approaches to the Great West Road, which have now been news for quite a long time. The cost of the engineering works in connection with the Hammersmith fly-over is estimated at £1,201,000; and the length would be about half a mile.

A STRIKING ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN: A NEW BANK IN OKLAHOMA, U.S.A.



LIKE A HUGE CURVED HONEYCOMB, THE GOLD-COLOURED ALUMINIUM DOME OF THE NEW CITIZENS STATE BANK OF OKLAHOMA CITY, WHICH IS NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW BANK, SHOWING THE STRIKING CEILING WITH ITS SUSPENDED DISK LIGHTS AND PERIMETER BALCONY. THE DESIGN HAS RECEIVED AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION.

The new Citizens State Bank of Oklahoma City has been designed in the shape of a huge, gold-coloured aluminium dome. Costing 500,000 dollars, it is the sixth of its kind to be erected in the United States and Hawaii during the past two years. The stressed-skin aluminium of the dome rests on a circular concrete and glass exterior wall, which also supports a cantilevered canopy around the building. The colours of the new bank are striking; the diamond-shaped panels of the dome are anodyzed gold, while the struts that strengthen the panels are anodyzed black. The dome is particularly well suited for a bank building, since it permits an open lobby uninterrupted by any interior supports. A balcony running round the perimeter has been designed so as not to restrict the view of the impressive ceiling from which disk-lights are suspended. This ceiling is itself suspended beneath the actual roof of the building, whose total height is 70 ft. Similar designs have been enthusiastically welcomed for use as theatres and civic halls.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THREE WORLDS APART

By ALAN DENT

URBAN Yorkshire to-day, Chicago in the 'thirties, and the big-game business in French Equatorial Africa—we could hardly have three settings so widely contrasted or three films so utterly different. And for once in a way I am not going even to attempt to find anything in common—for the all-sufficient reason that they have nothing in common.

All three are, it is true, based on books. " Room at the Top " is a close and honest transcription of Mr. John Braine's sensationally successful novel which I read when it came out a couple of years ago. " The Roots of Heaven," written by Romain Gary and Patrick Leigh-Fermor, is based upon the former's book which I now feel it is hardly necessary to read. And the one about gangster-ridden Chicago, " Party Girl," is declared to be " based on a story by Leo Katcher " which I should not now dream of reading even if I felt it to be my bounden duty to do so.

Mr. Braine's novel struck me as a slick and blunt piece of work—a remorseless and slightly inhuman study of a young Yorkshireman whose youth was blighted by the war and who travelled as far as one of the wool-manufacturing towns with the ambition of marrying, by fair means or foul, the richest and—if possible—the prettiest heiress in the place.

Before we think of dismissing Joe Lampton as an ignoble bounder let us note that he has his resemblances to Balzac's Rastignac, Stendhal's Julien Sorel, and even to Maupassant's Bel-Ami who ended up as the husband of his mistress's daughter—that he is one of the sempiternal and attractive cads of fiction. But that Mr. Braine's novel does not attain to such masterly heights of fiction is proved, for me personally, by the fact that I gave his book away as soon as I had read it, and that I recollect nothing whatsoever about its writing except a goodish description of the Yorkshire moors at dusk, and a pithy sentence about the inadvisability of purchasing anything but high-grade mackintoshes (especially if you are as socially ambitious as Joe Lampton).

The one lapse—in the matter of accent—is in Mr. Harvey's Joe. This is a first-rate piece of work, and the pity of it is that a little argument—with that capital director, Jack Clayton—might have made it quite perfect. Mr. Harvey in his general deportment catches the bounder quite flawlessly, and his achievement is all the more remarkable when we consider that he has already distinguished himself at Stratford-on-Avon in characters as widely contrasted as Orlando and Troilus. But carefully though he conveys Joe's Yorkshire accent, he does not convey it impeccably. Mr. Clayton should have held up the film's action in Mr. Harvey's very first speech when he sounds the " h " in the word " perhaps." I am willing to concede that a short spell in the R.A.F. might make a highly ambitious young Yorkshireman like Joe try once or twice sounding the " t " in " often," as this one does. But a whole war-time of Service-life and even twenty years in London on top of it are not going to make him realise that there is an " h " to be sounded in the middle of such a word as " perhaps." His vowels are better—just a shade conscientious, but better. And the character itself—with all its redounding bounce and self-assurance—could hardly be better acted. Heather Sears, as the rich little girl Joe eventually marries, twitters most agreeably—but that the novel had at least a certain urgency in characterisation is proved by the fact that the film brings it all to mind again with a rush—especially Joe himself, as played by Laurence Harvey, and Alice Aisgill, wonderfully drawn by Simone Signoret, the married woman who clutters up Joe's rapid climb up the ladder. There is, in fact, a remarkable degree of fidelity in the characterisation of the inhabitants of Warnley (which is barely distinguishable from Bradford). One would give the price of the novel, and more, to read Mr. Priestley's views on the subject. But it seems to me that Donald Wolfit as the successful business-man, Donald Houston as the cad-hero's friend, Beatrice Varley as his aunt, and John Westbrook as his enemy (with ex-R.A.F. officer's superimposed accent), catch the provincial note very exactly. So do most of the minor characters.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



LAURENCE HARVEY AND SIMONE SIGNORET IN " ROOM AT THE TOP," BASED ON JOHN BRAINE'S NOVEL.

Of his current choice, Alan Dent writes: " In their scenes together, Laurence Harvey (as the ambitious and ruthless young Yorkshireman) and Simone Signoret (as a married Frenchwoman, ten years older, who falls in love with him) manage to raise ' Room at the Top ' into the realms of tragedy or very near it. The film, directed by Jack Clayton, is a burning and convincing adaptation of John Braine's eminently successful novel of life and love—especially love—in a charmless Yorkshire industrial city. This film (distributed by Independent Film Distributors in association with British Lion Films), which has already made a remarkable hit, began its career on January 23 at the Plaza."



A MOMENT OF DRAMA IN " ROOM AT THE TOP " : JOE (LAURENCE HARVEY) MEETS JACK WALES, LEFT (JOHN WESTBROOK), WHOM HE WOULD LIKE TO REPLACE AS SUSAN'S BOY FRIEND, WHILE SUSAN (HEATHER SEARS—NEARER TO THE CAMERA) LOOKS ON.



MOREL—" A MOST ENGAGING CRANK "—(TREVOR HOWARD) RESTRAINS AN AFRICAN COLLABORATOR FROM UNNECESSARY VIOLENCE : A SCENE FROM " THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN," IN WHICH MOREL FORCES AN AFRICAN PAPER TO PUBLISH HIS ELEPHANT PROTECTION MANIFESTO.

(Released by 20th Century-Fox ; London première, Carlton Theatre, Haymarket, Jan. 15.)

The African one, not very consistently or wholeheartedly directed by John Huston, is at its best when it is content to be a study in obsession, and to concentrate on Trevor Howard's playing of a man who regards it as his mission in life to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the African elephant. This character declares in one place that he would rather be an elephant than a man, and in another says of elephants that " Man turns their gentleness to hatred and then calls them rogues," and in yet another shouts out the opinion that we must not wipe out a whole race of these gentle brutes " just to keep the world supplied with billiard-balls and paper-knives."

He is a most engaging crank. He peppers the seats of practising elephant-hunters with grape-shot (those peppered include Orson Welles as a visiting broadcaster), and he makes himself a regular pain in the side to the French Colonial Government. His supporters include Juliette Greco as an exotic and decorative barmaid, Errol Flynn as an English military soak, a Danish naturalist, a German baron with a monocle, and an American photographer (hilarious Eddie Albert) who lands out of a burning plane. The opposition includes a superfluity of characters, most of them less well observed and less well acted ; and there is a very long trek at the end which leads us nowhere very much. But Mr. Howard is superb throughout, there is a tremendous pitched battle (in the middle and in the moonlight) which is conducted largely over the heads of screaming elephants, and the landscape all through is lovingly and beautifully photographed.

The one about dear old bloody-minded Chicago is kept so strictly in its period—that of the 'thirties when any speak-easy was liable to have its occupants riddled with bullets at a second's notice—that it is almost surprising to gather that it was made yesterday in Hollywood. Robert Taylor is a crippled attorney who tries with great difficulty to dissociate himself from a brutal master-crook (played with brutal mastery by Lee J. Cobb) ; and Cyd Charisse presents a show-girl who is the love of the lame attorney's life—a part almost wholly made up of listening and dancing, so that it has not been necessary for Miss Charisse to memorise more than a couple of hundred words, most of them monosyllabic exclamations and interjections. Acting, in short, is hardly Miss Charisse's strong point. At one juncture she has to discover a sister show-girl drowned in her bath with her wrists slashed ; and she makes the discovery with a milder shriek than if she had just seen a mouse vanishing into its hole. But the men are distinctly more expressive.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

" THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA " (Warner. Generally Released: January 26). —Spencer Tracy for hours in an open boat, all alone except for a dead fish, some sharks, and long stretches of Hemingway philosophy.

" HOUSEBOAT " (Paramount. Generally Released: January 26).—Cary Grant is helped by Sophia Loren to rear three shrill children who hardly seem to deserve all the trouble taken. But Miss Loren comes on, and Mr. Grant does not go off.

" THE RELUCTANT DEBUTANTE " (M.G.M. Generally Released: February 2). —The most modish pair of the present day and age—Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, of course—in an elaborated transcription of William Douglas Home's delicious daffy comedy.

SOME EVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN: PRESENTATIONS AND OTHER ITEMS.



A POSSIBLE REPLACEMENT FOR THE ARMY NISSEN HUT DEMONSTRATED AT CHELSEA BARRACKS. THE NEW SERVICE HUT IS EASILY MASS-PRODUCED AND CAN BE MULTI-PURPOSE.

The traditional army Nissen hut is likely to be replaced by this new Service hut, which has been developed by the Ministry of Supply. In addition to its use as barracks, it is also designed for offices and hospitals. It can be mass-produced, and its parts are easily interchangeable.



SUCCESS II, WHICH IS TO BE A REPLICA OF THE VESSEL IN WHICH JOSHUA SLOCUM SAILED ROUND THE WORLD, UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT COWES FOR A SIMILAR ATTEMPT.

Captain J. J. Cappelen, a retired American Army officer, intends to follow in the wake of Joshua Slocum, who, in 1895, set out on the first successful single-handed sailing voyage round the world. The new boat, *Success II*, is 35 ft. long and has a fibre-glass hull.



(Left.)

"STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT OF VAN GOGH, NO. 4." BY FRANCIS BACON; ONE OF THE WORKS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE TATE GALLERY. IT WAS PAINTED IN 1957.

Among the Tate Gallery's recent acquisitions is this interesting study of Van Gogh by the contemporary artist Francis Bacon (born 1910). It is one of a series which the painter undertook in 1957, inspired by Van Gogh's own pictures. This one bears very close resemblance to "The Painter on his Way to Work," which hangs in the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Magdeburg. Some of the series, including this work, were exhibited at the Hanover Gallery in March 1957. It has been presented, along with a cast by Eduardo Paolozzi, to the Tate Gallery by the Contemporary Art Society.



A POSTMISTRESS IS REWARDED BY MR. ERNEST MARPLES FOR HER BRAVERY IN RESISTING A RAID BY TWO YOUTHS ON HER POST OFFICE NEAR HASTINGS.

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Ernest Marples, is seen making the presentation of a notecase and 15 guineas to Mrs. L. B. Peattie, at the G.P.O., St. Martin's le Grand, London. Last July, Mrs. Peattie resisted two youths who raided the sub-post office at St. Helen's, Hastings.



THE BLAZING WRECKAGE OF A GLASGOW TRAMCAR IN WHICH THREE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND TWENTY-FIVE INJURED WHEN IT COLLIDED WITH A LORRY AND BURST INTO FLAMES.

A tramcar which hit a lorry in Glasgow on January 28 immediately burst into flames, causing the death of three people. Visibility was down to thirty yards because of fog, and the lorry was loaded with 15 tons of steel castings. The Ministry of Transport was to hold official inquiries.



THE NORWEGIAN CARGO VESSEL *RAMFOSS* ENTERING ABERDEEN HARBOUR WITH A 10-DEG. LIST AFTER IT HAD RUN INTO A SEVERE STORM IN THE NORTH SEA.

The Norwegian ship *Ramfoss* successfully completed a nightmare voyage on January 28 after being caught in a storm. A leak swelled the 200 tons of pulp in one of the holds and when the crew tried to rectify the list by emptying the water tanks, it listed even further.

EXCAVATING THE CITY WHICH ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S TROOPS BESIEGED FOR A MONTH: WORK ON THE GREAT MOUND OF CHARSADA, NEAR PESHAWAR.

By SIR MORTIMER WHEELER.

WITHIN the encircling hills of the North-West Frontier, broken by its two rivers and the twisted passes of Khyber and Malakand, the Peshawar plain is a sea of tall sugar-cane, through which the nomads plod seasonally to or from their mountain homes. Amidst this sea, like a battleship at anchor, rides the tall, dusty mound, the Bala Hisar or High Fort, of Charsada—site of the ancient Pushkalavati, Sanskrit for "Lotus City" (Fig. 1). In a region of ancient vestiges, there is nothing so imposing as this great man-made hill. In 327 B.C. the tried troops of Alexander the Great beset the place for a month before it yielded, and Alexander himself came out of his way to accept the surrender. The town was indeed the capital of a considerable principality; it was also a flourishing caravan-city on the arterial trade-route from central Asia into the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent. Here in 1903 the young John Marshall, fresh from England to re-establish the Archæological Survey of India with Lord Curzon's backing, tried his prentice hand as an excavator. In 1947, that same Survey was about to tackle the site once more, when politics intervened. In 1958 I was invited by the Government of Pakistan to take up the task with the liberal aid of the Pakistan Department of Archæology and with the support of the Stein-Arnold fund of the British Academy and of two young Cambridge archæologists, Dr. R. F. Hodson and Mr. David Stronach. This is a short account of some of the results.

First, the site itself. The High Fort, reaching 70 ft. above the plain, is only the loftiest of a series of ancient mounds that straddle the Swat River near its junction with the River Kabul and cover an area 1½ miles square. Beyond the evident fact that these mounds are the piled-up memorials of centuries of urban occupation, nothing was known of their meaning. Marshall's probings into two of them had revealed structures of brick and stone but had fallen far short of solution, as such probings must. With advantages which Marshall lacked, we had seven weeks in November and December in which to take up what was in effect the challenge of an untouched landscape.

At the outset our procedure was to attack simultaneously both the highest and the lowest elements in the complex. The former meant the digging of a deep trench down the face of the principal mound and into the subsoil beneath it. This involved the careful removal of about a thousand tons of earth, but it gave us, at the end of seven weeks' strenuous work, a complete conspectus of the manner in which the mound had gradually accumulated, as building had succeeded building through some twenty-five centuries (Fig. 4). The successive layers—fifty-two, all told—with their contents were the archæological equivalent of the pages of a book. They showed, for example, how the earliest buildings had perished in flames some time in the sixth century B.C.; and how nearly three-quarters of the mound had already risen before the Gandhara Buddhists, of the early centuries A.D., introduced their famous Indo-Greek or Indo-Roman art to the site (Fig. 13).

Meanwhile, 200 yards away our second project, the low-level trench (Fig. 6), had reached at a depth of 15 ft. a buried river-bed from which the river had, as we found, been diverted in the second or third century B.C., leaving the dry and shallow valley which flanks the High Fort to-day.

From this, one inference was easy: the fortification which the ancient city must have possessed—Alexander's strenuous siege was proof enough of this—could only have lain between the mound and the river. A line of trenches linking the two would therefore reveal the course of it; and it was no surprise when they, in fact, uncovered a formidable fosse (Fig. 5) behind which had stood a rampart, probably of earth faced with mud-brick. It so happened that our trenches struck the fosse at a point where it had been bridged for a timber-lined postern gate opening upon the former river-bank. The fortification was shown, by associated relics, to have been an early feature of the town. Its complete circuit has not yet been traced, but it seems to have enclosed an area initially of not more than 20 acres.

At a relatively early date, however, these defences were dismantled, and the city spread across the river, where its extension is represented by a line of weather-worn hillocks consisting largely of the remains of mud-brick buildings. One of them, a large house with a multitude of small rooms, was partially explored, and was found to have been rebuilt on four occasions after its first construction in or before the fourth century B.C. Outside it, two wells (Fig. 3) (one of them reinforced by terracotta rings in a familiar Indian fashion) produced a mass of pottery and clay figurines, mostly of the third and second century B.C., the upper filling of the later well including a silver tetradrachm of Menander, the famous Indo-Greek king of the mid-second century B.C.

Soon after this period, the intensive occupation of the area excavated seems to have ceased, and the explanation was provided in a vivid and somewhat dramatic manner. The Pakistan Air Force had been invited to assist us by photographing the mounds from the air, and its prompt co-operation produced a remarkable result. The mosaic photograph of an extensive mound known as Shaikhan, across the Swat River half a mile from the High Fort, showed the outlines and many of the details of a rigidly-planned town, with straight streets and regimented blocks of houses and, amongst them, a Buddhist temple within a large courtyard (Fig. 2). A visit to the site showed, on the ground, merely an incoherent tumult of heaps and hollows where the local villagers had grubbed up the bricks and stones of the buried buildings for re-use in their own houses. But seen from the air these hollows, following as they necessarily did in a crude fashion the lines of the ancient structures, revealed their plans, as it were, *in negative*, and in so doing provided basic information which it would have been beyond our powers to seek in the time available. For a chessboard town-plan such as this is a rare and distinctive thing in the subcontinent. Town-planning had been practised by the Indus Civilization of the third millennium B.C.; but thereafter, so far as is known, it characterised only one phase—that of the Indo-Greeks and their successors, the Scythian and Parthian rulers, from the second century B.C. into the early centuries A.D. The classic instance is that of Taxila (Sirkap), another capital and caravan-city on the same trade-route a hundred miles away, on the borders of the Punjab. There also the streets are laid out mathematically at right-angles to one another, and amongst them stands the cathedral-temple in a position of prominence. There, too, in the Indo-Greek period the town had been removed from its earlier (sixth century) position to a fresh site across the local river, to facilitate this re-planning. The analogy is complete. No scientific excavation has yet been carried out at Shaikhan, but the villagers are known to have found there at least two hoards of Indo-Greek coins of the second and first centuries B.C., which help a little to fill out the picture. The stories of Charsada and Taxila are moving forward on parallel lines, and, in affirming that the two cities were founded at the same time, the *Ramayana* has more semblance of historical authority than is commonly accredited to the Indian epics. Both cities owed their early prosperity, if not their origin, to the new security brought to the highways of the borderland when the Great King of Persia imposed his authority hereabouts in the latter half of the sixth century B.C.

Amongst the objects found during the work may be mentioned a jug handle showing a heroic head, unhappily damaged but almost certainly intended to represent Alexander the Great in his Herculean lion's skin (Fig. 7); a headless marble statuette of classical type, also with a lion's skin (Fig. 8); a clay sealing stamped with a classical figure of Athena (Fig. 11); examples of Gandhara stone-carving including the bust of a Silenus with a beer-mug (Fig. 13); a pottery bowl of the fourth or third century B.C. showing a strange ritual dance of gazelle-headed women (Fig. 9); and a large number of terracottas, amongst them many figures of steatopygous women with elaborate head-dresses, clearly votive charms or offerings and dating also from the third century B.C. (Figs. 10, 12 and 15).



FIG. 1. IN A SEA OF TALL SUGAR-CANE "LIKE A BATTLESHIP AT ANCHOR, RIDES THE TALL, DUSTY MOUND, THE BALA HISAR OR HIGH FORT, OF CHARSADA."

This aerial photograph of the mound formed by the first fifty-two layers of the city of Charsada, makes an interesting comparison with the photograph (Fig. 2, on the opposite page) of the second city of Charsada, which was built about half a mile away and dates from the first centuries B.C.–A.D. Bala Hisar is a landmark, whereas the plan of the later city was only revealed by the agency of aerial photography and was a complete revelation to the expedition.

Other photographs of this expedition appear on pages 233, 234, 235.

THE SECOND CITY OF CHARSADA—A UNIQUE AIR PHOTOGRAPH REVEALING A CITY WITH A GRID-IRON STREET PLAN, IN BRILLIANT DETAIL.

THIS unique aerial photograph was taken by the Pakistan Air Force at the request of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who was directing the excavations at the larger and older mound of Bala Hisar, about half a mile away. The mound shown in this photograph (which is known as Shaikhan) is much lower and from the ground is "merely an incoherent tumult of heaps and hollows where the local villagers had grubbed up the bricks and stones of the buried buildings for re-use in their own houses." This is particularly the case in the lower left part of the photograph, with the result that this section appears as the plan of a city *in negative*. In this section also the circular plan of the central Buddhist temple can be clearly seen. At the very bottom of the picture can be seen some modern buildings on the mound itself; and there are others, just off the mound, at the top left. The other part of the mound has been less disturbed by quarrying villagers, but even so the plan of the city is remarkably clear; and its grid-iron arrangement—like an American city—is a close parallel to Taxila, which is of the same period (the first centuries B.C.–A.D.) and stands on the same route about a hundred miles or so away.



FIG. 2. THE REVEALING POWER OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: AN ANCIENT CAPITAL OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, AT CHARSADA, NEAR PESHAWAR, SHOWN FORTH AS A CITY OF THE FIRST CENTURIES B.C.-A.D., WITH STRAIGHT STREETS, REGULAR BLOCKS AND CIRCULAR BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

DIGGING INTO FIFTY-TWO CITIES IN THE HUGE MOUND OF CHARSADA.



FIG. 3. DURING THE EXCAVATIONS AT CHARSADA THIS WELL (AND ANOTHER) WERE DISCOVERED OUTSIDE THE MUD-BRICK WALLS OF A LARGE DWELLING-HOUSE OF THE 4TH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 5. THE EARLY DEFENCES OF CHARSADA: A DEEP FOSSE, AND A LINE OF POSTHOLES, SHOWING THAT THIS HAD BEEN THE SITE OF A BRIDGE AND POSTERN GATE.

ON page 232 Sir Mortimer Wheeler describes the seven-week excavation which he has just recently completed at the invitation of the Government of Pakistan in the huge mound of Charsada, near Peshawar. This is an extremely rich site, hitherto untouched except for some slight exploration by the late Sir John Marshall, when a young man, in 1903. There are a number of ancient mounds in the vicinity on either side of the Swat River, and the Bala Hisar, or High Fort, is the largest of them. It is 70 ft. high and the cutting of a deep trench down the face of it involved the removal of about a thousand tons of earth. This, which revealed the sequence of the city's history, was the season's principal task ; but other excavations uncovered part of the citadel's defence works.



FIG. 4. THE HUGE EXPLORATORY TRENCH CUT INTO THE FACE OF THE PRINCIPAL MOUND AT CHARSADA, WHICH REVEALED IN ALL FIFTY-TWO SUCCESSIVE LAYERS.



FIG. 6. THE LOW-LEVEL EXPLORATORY TRENCH WHICH WAS DUG IN A SUCCESSFUL SEARCH FOR THE FORTIFICATION SYSTEM OF THE ANCIENT TOWN. (SEE FIG. 5.)

ALEXANDER IN INDIA; AND OTHER INFLUENCES IN ANCIENT CHARSADA.



FIG. 7. ALMOST CERTAINLY REPRESENTING ALEXANDER THE GREAT IN A LION HEADDRESS: A DAMAGED TERRA-COTTA, PART OF A JUG HANDLE.



FIG. 8. A DAMAGED AND HEADLESS MARBLE STATUETTE OF CLASSICAL TYPE, SHOWING HERCULES, OR PERHAPS ALEXANDER THE GREAT AS HERCULES.



FIG. 9. A FRAGMENT FROM A 4TH—3RD CENTURY B.C. BOWL, SHOWING A MOST INTERESTING FRIEZE OF WOMEN DANCERS WITH GAZELLE HEAD-DRESSES.



FIG. 10. TWO TERRACOTTA HEADS OF GODDESSES WITH ELABORATE HEAD-DRESSES. THESE MUST BE VOTIVE OFFERINGS. 4TH—3RD CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 11. A PAIR OF CLAY SEALINGS FROM THE CHARSADA EXCAVATIONS, THE LOWER OF WHICH SHOWS THE TYPICAL CLASSICAL FIGURE OF ATHENA.



FIG. 12. A NEARLY COMPLETE VOTIVE FIGURE OF A NAKED STEATOPYGOUS WOMAN WITH A SIMILAR ELABORATE HEAD-DRESS TO FIG. 10.



FIG. 13. A DELIGHTFUL PIECE OF GANDHARA STONE CARVING (SECOND CENTURY A.D.): SILENUS WITH A MUG OF DRINK AND A PALM-LEAF FAN TO COOL HIM.



FIG. 14. ANOTHER PIECE OF GANDHARA STONE CARVING OF THE SAME PERIOD AS FIG. 13: A *LINGAM*-PEDESTAL WITH A DRAIN FOR THE LIBATIONS.



FIG. 15. A DELIGHTFUL TOY OF THE FOURTH TO THIRD CENTURIES B.C.: A CHEERFUL SMALL DOG IN TERRACOTTA. (Length, 3¾ ins. [9.5 cm.]).

On this page we reproduce photographs of a few of the objects found at Charsada during the excavations described by Sir Mortimer Wheeler on page 232. Charsada, the ancient "Lotus City" of the North-West Frontier, was a flourishing caravan city on the arterial trade route from central Asia into the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent; and as one of the cities which bore the brunt of Alexander the Great's invasion of India in the fourth century B.C. it was naturally in the path of those Hellenising influences whose principal legacy to India was Gandhara sculpture. Of this last the Silenus (Fig. 13) is a delightful example. The votives (Figs. 10 and 12) show Persian and Mesopotamian influences; but perhaps the most interesting single object is the fragment with the gazelle-headed women (Fig. 9). Both this mound and the untouched mound of Fig. 2 offer a rich harvest for future excavation.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

I AM one of those who do not find that sputniks and satellites have power to arouse their imaginative enthusiasm. Very dull and obscurantist, you may say—and, from one point of view, you may not be altogether wrong. There are others who find that their delight and pride in these first attempts on man's part to conquer the secrets of outer space are vitiated by the thought that such projectiles may have their part in plans for nuclear warfare. "Such plans degrade the heavenly bodies and the majestic course of nature to the petty stature of furious men quarrelling over trifles." That is a statement from Bertrand Russell's COMMON SENSE AND NUCLEAR WARFARE, and I disagree with it profoundly. For what, after all, are "trifles"? Dynastic wars, power-political wars, territorial wars, commercial or acquisitive wars—all these can be dismissed as unworthy of man's higher self. But there seems to me to be a fundamental, and quite simple, fallacy underlying Bertrand Russell's deceptively dispassionate plea for a recognition by both East and West that nuclear war, with all its appalling consequences, is in the interests of neither. It is that he rejects, *a priori*, any higher value than man's intellect. He sees the conflict between Communism and Capitalism (note the word) as nothing but a rivalry between two political and economic systems. He does not at all grasp that the essence of Communism is that it is held to be soul-corrupting. Since he does not believe in the soul, how could he? But until he allows himself to understand that hundreds of millions of people do so believe, his contributions to the controversy are nothing more than a game of cat's-cradle.

A few quotations will illustrate this. "There must be a change of mood and a change of aim, and this must occur on both sides if it is to achieve its purpose." Mood? Aim? But we are dealing here with ultimate and transcendent values, incomparably higher than those of our planet or of any of the stars which the philosopher-Earl holds in such disproportionate regard. "There is little important difference between East and West as regards purely human hopes and fears and sufferings." "It may be that the future belongs to Communism, it may be that it belongs to the American way of life, it may be that it belongs to neither." "If no human beings remain, the whole fabric of good and evil *that men have gradually built up* will be demolished" (my italics). If one of the two blocs is so fanatical that it prefers the ending of mankind to a rational compromise, "I think that the less fanatical bloc, if it had the welfare of mankind in view, would prefer concession to warfare."

Let us set aside all arguments about nuclear weapons as deterrents, which Russell does not find it worth while to consider. Let us also agree that we must strive for nuclear disarmament, by every rational means at our disposal. But if we must face the stark dilemma, then material destruction, on whatever scale, must always be preferable to the kind of corruption I have described—if one seriously believes that good and evil are not merely man-made. There is a music which transcends that of the spheres, and to that music—however intelligent, humane and sincere he may be—Bertrand Russell is tone-deaf.

Some of all this recurs towards the end of one of the longest American novels it has ever been my misfortune to read. I say "misfortune," not because Mr. H. L. Humes's THE UNDERGROUND CITY is not, in its way, a *tour de force*, but because I cannot persuade myself that it justifies 755 pages of very close print. It is a story set in Paris soon after the end of the war, harking back to events which took place in the days of the Maquis. The characters—especially that of John Stone, a former liaison officer between the Allies and the French Resistance, and a French politician, Dr. Merseault—are all credible. "I warn you," said the latter. "The moral weakness of France is the moral weakness of humanity. And the weakness of humanity is the simple will to survive." (What has Bertrand Russell got to say to that?)

The war is too much with us. I would deny that life in Munich during the American occupation was quite as unpleasant for the Müncheners as Gert Ledig maintains in his novel THE BRUTAL YEARS, but emotions of this kind cannot—indeed, I think they should not—be kept at concert pitch. They become stale with repetition. So, alas! does gallantry in combat, if it is not presented so as to evoke a fresh response. In WARRIORS ON WHEELS Mr. Park Yunnie, who served in Popski's Private Army, re-tells the story of that amazing series of adventures, first in the North African desert and then in Italy. This book is certainly "a soldier's book rather than a writer's," and I would add that it is written for soldiers.

The Prince Imperial was, of course, a soldier, and met his death as an officer on Lord Chelmsford's staff fighting in the Zulu War. It is not long since I stood by his tomb in the crypt of St. Michael's Abbey, Farnborough, and meditated on "the great hopes, schemes, ambitions, lately alive in the gallant heart . . . now in a little dust quiescent." Mr. E. E. P. Tisdall has produced an admirable biography of this "Eaglet," whose story seems to me to be just as tragic as that of the King of Rome—if only because the former lived to manifest some of his promise, and died before it could be realised. There is only one respect in which I think that THE PRINCE IMPERIAL misses the mark. The author does not seem to be aware of the Prince's deep religious sense. His only comment on the noble prayer which Louis wrote is that it is "unexpected." But the book, as a whole, is remarkable. Could there be anything more touching than the little Prince's comment, when his tutor asserted that everyone in a Paris crowd loved him: "All of them!—you 're wrong—they don't all love me. I know that. Still, I shall continue to love them." Perhaps it is not the least of France's many misfortunes that she never experienced a Third Empire.

You must be thinking by now that my week's reading has been rather sombre. On the contrary, the grave and the gay have been nicely mixed. When I opened Dr. N. J. Jacob's NAMING-DAY IN EDEN, I received a sensation which I had not known since I first stepped into the car of the Giant Racer at the Wembley Exhibition in—can it have been 1924? Suddenly everything began rushing madly about, and I had to hold on with both hands. Dr. Jacob can make words—words in any and every language—sit up and beg. He takes as his theme Adam naming the animals in the Garden of Eden, and deftly pins his points on to the rest of the story: Eve, serpent, apple, expulsion from Paradise, and all. "Speech," he tells us, "does not depend on physical endowment, but on the wit to connect sound with purpose." I wish I could quote at length from this brilliant firework-display of philology. Much, rather quieter, entertainment is also to be found in Rebecca Warren's WHERE NO MAINS FLOW, an account of life in a country cottage. Listen to Mrs. Warren's manicurist: "'*Bon jour*, madame,' she said gaily as she sat down, put a pink cushion on her knee and placed my hand on the cushion. She looked down at my hand, there was a pause, and then 'Blimey,' she said." There you have it!

Too much has, I am afraid, been claimed for MM. Boileau and Narcejac, authors of two short stories published under the title of the longer, THE EVIL EYE. M. Boileau has developed quite a good psychological situation in his tale of a boy of eighteen who suddenly recovers from neurotic paralysis, and the dark mystery of his mother's incarceration in a madhouse—but why kill the boy in an air-crash, just when the real fun (if fun it can be called) was about to begin? As to M. Narcejac, his Edgar Allan Poe manner is a good deal too conscientious. I got exceedingly tired of his First Empire parvenu family, who die and come to life again at tediously repetitive intervals. THE TROUBLED HOUSE, by Kage Booton, is rather better, but I found myself longing to strangle Rika King long before she proved to be the villain of the piece.

Mr. Whelpton is an author whom I usually enjoy, and his PARIS CAVALCADE is well up to standard. It is partly topographical and partly historical, and the tapestry so well woven that it does not matter if we jump about from Villon to Victor Hugo, and then go on to Baron Haussmann by way of the duc de Lauzun, Marat and Danton. Next, across the border to Italy, with Mr. Samuel Chamberlain's ITALIAN BOUQUET, a beautifully illustrated "epicurean tour." I have already recommended to my wife, for transmission to the kitchen quarters, the appendix of more than 300 Italian recipes. Indeed, I have requested (and been refused) permission to use the kitchen scales in order to weigh the book: I did so in no spirit of levity, but because the author urges his readers to carry his work about with them, in order to secure the autographs of the proprietors whom he recommends. Apart from the fact that this exercise strikes me as being unnecessarily sycophantic, I doubt if any but the most muscular could carry it out. It is a splendid book—but I can hardly lift it!

Dog-lovers will enjoy Miss Margaret Osborne's THE POPULAR SHETLAND SHEEPDOG. But Miss Osborne must beware of the over-enthusiastic chapter-heading. "The Great Moment: Your First Litter." What? . . . *Mine?!*

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

"ROOK with RP and BP on the same side can only draw against a rook." This idea, accepted as gospel among hundreds of thousands of chess players, is as striking an example of an illusion as anything inherently true could be. It is harder to draw than many a mid-game position which would be given up at a glance as lost.

Here is the picture:

Black



White

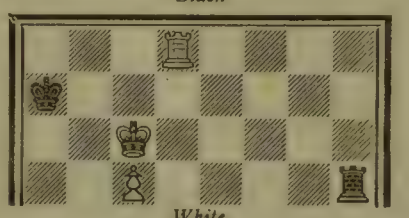
It *is* true that a number of the acutest minds in chess, tackling positions of this type at intervals throughout the past century and a half, have always succeeded in finding a saving clause for the defender. It is accepted that, with impeccable play by Black, this ending can be drawn. It is also as true to say that 90 per cent. of the players who, in more or less desperate straits, head for such an ending as Black in the hope of saving the half-point, lose in the end. They play on to an adjournment, rush to Fine's "Basic Chess Endings" and, after two or three hours' intense study, begin to realise that they could well do with a month.

Paul Keres did devote a month to this ending once, and produced a pretty sizeable article about it. They started finding flaws in his analyses within a few weeks. Fine gets in rather a tangle, making at least three references to a diagram he has forgotten to print.

He does summarise the main mechanism rather pithily. How is it that, when masters commonly exploit the advantage of an extra pawn, or even less (*e.g.*, a rook against a bishop and pawn) with, if not ease, efficiency, nobody can make anything of a *two* pawn lead here?

Fine: "White cannot hold on to both pawns if he wishes to try to win, but must sacrifice one of them to divert the black king. It stands to reason that he will sacrifice the RP." But R and BP cannot win if the defending king is on the narrow side of the board, as, of course, it will be. Thus a situation like this:

Black



White

has been known for generations to be un-winnable for White, mainly because his king is hopelessly exposed to persistent rook checks. For instance: 1. . . . R–R3 ch; 2. K–B7, R–R2 ch; 3. R–Q7, R–R1; 4. P–B6, R–QKt1; 5. K–Q6 dis ch? K–Kt1 and Black is covering the queening square.

Black

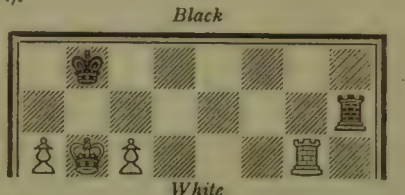


White

Two examples of the types of drawing resources available to Black may amuse.

1. P–R7 ch, K–R1; 2. P–B6, R–QKt4 ch! 3. K–B7 (3. K×R would be stalemate), 3. . . . R–QR4! (4. R×R would be stalemate!).

Black



White

With R–Kt8 mate threatened, and both P–R7 ch and P–B7 ch in the air if White's rook leaves the rank it is on, this looks very bad for Black. By . . . R–QKt2 ch!, however, he raises the siege. That stalemate bogey again!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

COMMON SENSE AND NUCLEAR WARFARE, by Bertrand Russell. (*Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.*)
THE UNDERGROUND CITY, by H. L. Humes. (*Heinemann; 20s.*)
THE BRUTAL YEARS, by Gert Ledig. (*Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 13s. 6d.*)
WARRIORS ON WHEELS, by Park Yunnie. (*Hutchinson; 18s.*)
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL, by E. E. P. Tisdall. (*Jarrolds; 21s.*)
NAMING-DAY IN EDEN, by N. J. Jacob. (*Gollancz; 15s.*)
WHERE NO MAINS FLOW, by Rebecca Warren. (*Hurst and Blackett; 15s.*)
THE EVIL EYE, by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac. (*Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.*)
THE TROUBLED HOUSE, by Kage Booton. (*Gollancz; 12s. 6d.*)
PARIS CAVALCADE, by E. Whelpton. (*Robert Hale; 21s.*)
ITALIAN BOUQUET, by Samuel Chamberlain. (*Hamish Hamilton; 75s.*)
THE POPULAR SHETLAND SHEEPDOG, by Margaret Osborne. (*Popular Dogs; 18s.*)



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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE M.G. *MGA COUPE*.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEASE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

FOR the youthful, and for the still young in heart, the M.G. *MGA coupé* is a most fascinating car. It is, of course, a two-seater pure and simple, for it is impossible to imagine a third person being squeezed in by any means. Furthermore, it is a sports car, both in form and in performance, but despite its potential 100 m.p.h. it is an eminently safe means of transport by reason of its tractability and its extremely good road holding.

Its appearance is undeniably attractive. Low built, only 4 ft. 2 ins. in overall height, and smooth in outline from the low, shallow, radiator grille to the shapely tail, it obviously presents little resistance to the air stream flowing around it. The low build is achieved by sinking the floor level with the bottom of the chassis frame, the longitudinals of which are of box section and outswept so as to give adequate body width.

Ease of entry and exit is not one of the car's strong points, but allowance must be made for its sporting character. This will certainly not deter the youthful driver, and the not-so-youthful will quickly discover that the best plan is to insert head and shoulders first, followed by the left leg. One then sinks on to the seat and draws in the right leg. The passenger finds less difficulty because there is no obstruction from the steering-wheel.

Once in the car, it is found to be quite reasonably roomy, and very comfortable, the bucket seats being admirably proportioned to give sufficient support and to hold the occupants firmly in place. To this end the central armrest plays its part—a rather unusual, but definitely useful, fitting in a sports car.

The driving position is comfortable, although not perfect because the locations of steering-wheel and pedals do not quite match, the wheel being somewhat too near in relation to the pedals, except perhaps for those with unusually long legs. Nevertheless, one very quickly feels at home in the car, and the positions of the stubby central gear-lever on the transmission tunnel, and of the handbrake-lever to the left of the driver's seat, are just right. The brake-lever is of "fly-off" type, the spring-loaded end button having to be used to retain the lever and not to release it.

Visibility through the wide, curved screen and rear window is excellent, and the driver sees both front wings. The screen pillars are slim in section, and the wrap-round of the rear window into the quarters prevents any blind spot astern. On wet roads, however, the screen gets very dirty and the optionally extra screen-washer is really essential for driving comfort.

When the car is set in motion its responsiveness to the controls at once becomes apparent. The engine is a ready starter, even in freezing conditions, the clutch is smooth but capable of taking up the drive decisively, gears engage smoothly, and the acceleration in response to the throttle pedal is really satisfying.



THE GRACEFULLY STREAMLINED M.G. *MGA COUPE*: IT HAS WRAP-ROUND FRONT AND REAR WINDSCREENS AND ITS OVERALL HEIGHT IS 4 FT. 2 INS.

The power unit is the B.M.C. B-series engine of 1½ litres, with the standard compression ratio of 8.3 to 1, but it is fed by twin S.U. carburettors and develops 72 b.h.p. at 5500 r.p.m. As befits a car of this type, the instruments include an oil pressure gauge, and a revolution counter as well as speedometer, the two 4-in. dials being placed squarely in front of the driver and easily read at a momentary glance. The flashing light indicators are operated by a time switch lever on the end of the fascia within finger reach. Subsidiary controls and switches are grouped for left-hand operation, but the horn button in the centre of the fascia could with advantage be more accessible for a gloved hand.

One of the most likable features of the *MGA* is its delightful gear-change, although movement of the lever into reverse requires a certain amount of effort. The willingness of the engine to run at high rates of r.p.m. allows the best use to be made of the gear-box, the ratios of which are well chosen. First gear with a ratio of 15.6 to 1 is seldom needed, but if required a speed of 20–25 m.p.h. is available on it.

On second gear of 9.5 to 1 ratio 40–45 m.p.h. can be attained, and on third, ratio 5.9 to 1, a range of 60 to 70 m.p.h. gives rapid overtaking or fast hill-climbing. On the 4.3 to 1 top gear the three-figure maximum can be achieved, given a long enough straight, but the 80–90 m.p.h. bracket is reached quite rapidly and surprisingly often when traffic conditions permit.

These figures imply that the car quickly regains speed after an enforced slack for traffic. The acceleration is certainly brisk, even for a sports car, from rest to 30 m.p.h. taking 4.8 secs. and to 60 m.p.h. 15 secs. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that high average speeds are put up, and 50 miles in the hour's running is easily and safely possible, which emphasises the long-standing M.G. slogan of "Safety Fast."

Obviously the driver who likes driving, and is prepared to change gear on any excuse, will get the best out of the *MGA*, but its tractability has already been mentioned and will appeal to the less enthusiastic type of owner. The engine is flexible, and will run smoothly and quietly when trickling through traffic at low speeds, pulling away on top from 15 m.p.h. in exemplary fashion.

The excellent road holding will appeal to drivers of all types. The suspension is firm, but not uncomfortably so, there is no roll on corners, and the steering is light and very precise. The result is that the car always does what the driver intends it should, irrespective of whether the road surface is smooth or bumpy, dry or wet.

Brakes, too, with two leading shoes in the front drums, are up to the performance and give no rise in hard driving to anxiety lest they should develop fade. They are powerful without calling for high pedal pressures.

In short, the *MGA coupé* is a car that has a very definite and special appeal by reason of its performance and for the pleasure it affords to the driver. It is not particularly quiet when giving its best performance, as is only to be expected, and there is some wind noise at over 60 m.p.h., but at a gentle 50 m.p.h. on a wisp of throttle it is quiet enough.

Performance has always to be paid for, but even when averaging something approaching 50 m.p.h. the price is not too high, for fuel consumption is not far short of 30 m.p.g. At lower touring speeds an even better figure is possible; as always, fuel consumption depends a lot upon the driver.

While the *MGA* is well equipped, it must be conceded that it does not provide for the carriage of much luggage. The spare wheel with its cover lies flat on the floor of the tail locker and there is only room for a rather shallow suitcase. Soft bags can, however, be stowed at the sides of the locker, or even behind the seats.

Under-bonnet accessibility is only fair, for the engine compartment is well occupied. The oil filler and dipstick, brake fluid reservoir, and screen-washer bottle are all easy to get at, however. A heater, demister, and fresh-air ventilating system is optional and well worth specifying. It does not take up valuable passenger space, and there is also ample room for a radio, which was installed in the test car.

The basic price is £724, and the total, including purchase tax, £1087.7s., which seems reasonable considering the performance available, the standard of finish, and the completeness of the equipment.

MOTORING NOTES.

Two names well known in the world of motoring figured in the New Year Honours List, Sir William Rootes, G.B.E., becoming a baron for his work as Chairman of the Dollar Export Council, and Stirling Moss being awarded the O.B.E.

The International Geneva Motor Show will be held from March 12 to 22 in the Palais des Expositions. Passenger cars will occupy some 12 per cent. more space than at the 1958 exhibition and will include a number of new models.

Those who are interested in disc brakes should apply to the Public Relations Officer, The Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., 10–12, King Street, London, S.W.1, for a copy of a new booklet entitled "Safety Plus." This tells the story of the design and development of the disc brake, which was originally introduced for aircraft in 1945.

A unique personal accident insurance scheme for motorists planning journeys in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire has been introduced by the R.A.C. and provides benefits up to £1000 for as little as half a crown. Members may obtain full details from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has moved from 148, Piccadilly, to Forbes House, Halkin Street, London, S.W.1.

Record figures for production and exports were set up during 1958. Ford of Dagenham had a total output of 417,000 vehicles compared with its previous best of 355,772 in 1955, and exported 216,000, of which 42,000 were shipped to the U.S., almost double the figure for last year. The Vauxhall figures were also records, production totalling 174,616 vehicles, of which 119,177 were cars; and exports increasing by nearly 25 per cent. to 103,411 vehicles.

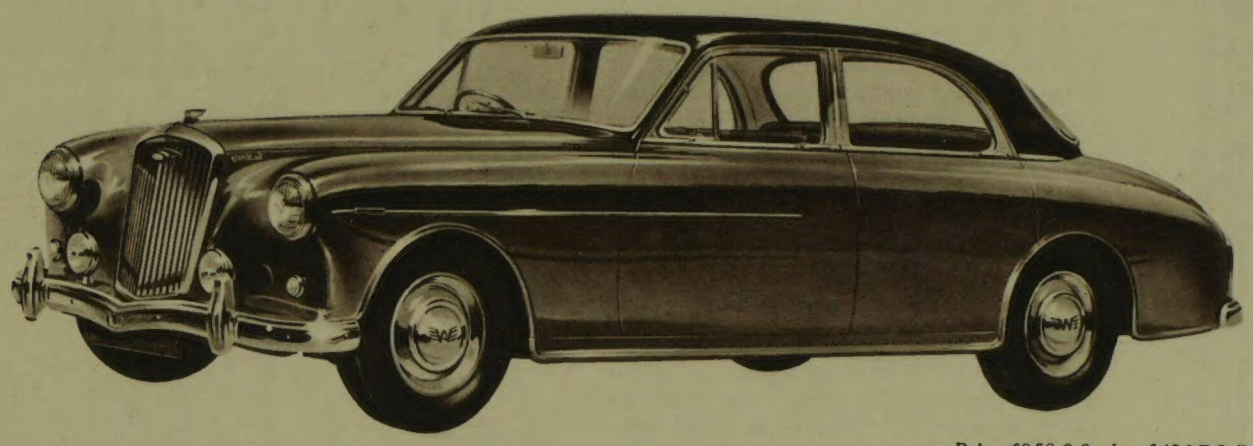
Simca cars, at present distributed in Great Britain by Fiat (England) Ltd., will, from June 1, be distributed by Chrysler Motors Ltd., Richmond, Surrey.

To keep in step with the great increase in motoring expected during 1959, the A.A. has large-scale expansion plans in hand. The A.A. radio network is to be extended to three new areas, giving a total coverage of over 47,000 square miles, and over 300 new vehicles are to be provided for the road patrol service. More roadside telephone-boxes are to be installed, the teleprinter network is to be extended, and larger headquarters provided in London and the provinces.

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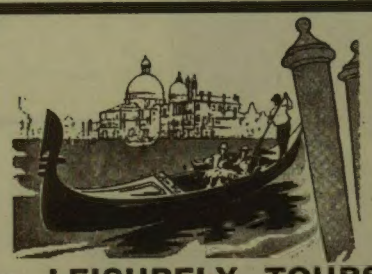


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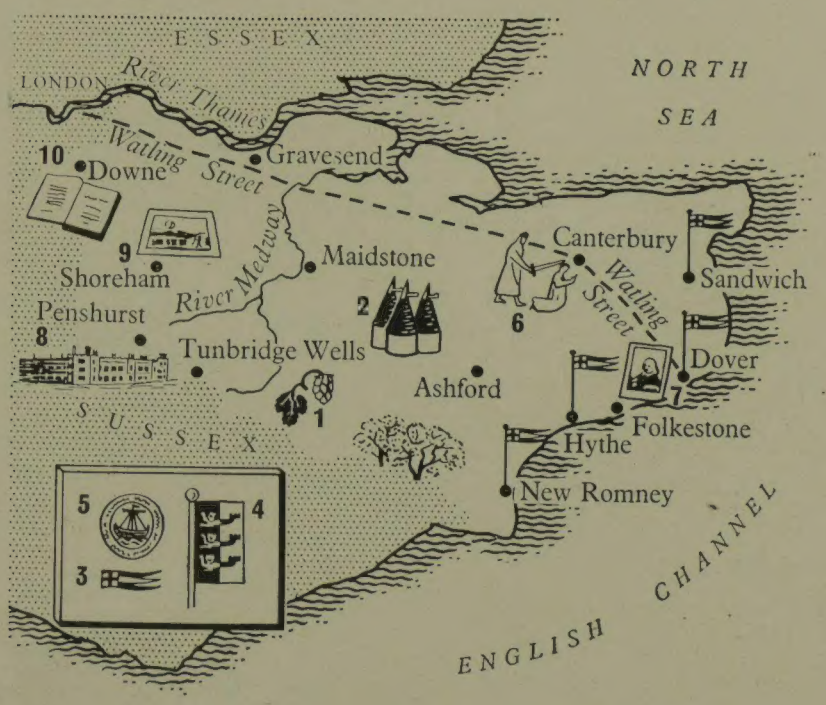
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Painted by Rowland Hilder

Shell guide to KENT



Kentish history begins with invasion. Celtic Iron Age invaders gave way in turn to Roman invaders, who left their coins in the soil and their roads across the county. Their chief Kentish road, Watling Street from Dover to London, is still used. Hops (1), cobnuts, cherries, apples are products of a county, which was worth settling. Typical of modern Kent are oast-houses (2), in which hops are dried, their cones rising above apple and cherry blossom.

Sandwich, Dover, Hythe and New Romney are four of the Cinque Ports anciently organized for the sea defence of England. Their banner is " of white cotyn, with a red crosse " (3), their arms are " the halfe lyon and the halfe ship " (4), and their seal (5), is a man-of-war.

St Augustine in 597 made Canterbury the spiritual capital of England, as first archbishop. Pilgrimages to the shrine of the thirty-ninth archbishop, St Thomas Becket (6), murdered in the cathedral in 1170, suggested to Chaucer that picture of mankind he wrote in his *Canterbury Tales*. Great Kentish men include William Harvey (7), discoverer of the circulation of the blood, born at Folkestone in 1578, the poet Sir Philip Sidney, born at Penshurst Place (8), in 1554, and Samuel Palmer, who painted visionary landscapes (9), at Shoreham, near Sevenoaks, in the eighteen-twenties. Charles Darwin wrote *The Origin of Species* (10), one of the world's decisive books, at Downe, near Bromley, publishing it in 1859.

The " Shell Guide to Trees " is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guides to " Flowers of the Countryside ", " Birds and Beasts ", and " Fossils, Insects and Reptiles " are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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